

EVENING TELEGRAPH.

10 CENTS PER WEEK

DIXON, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30, 1886

NUMBER 879

SILK PLUSHES.



A Large assortment of all colors at
\$1.00, 1.45 and 1.65.

100 Corsets reduced to 75 cents.

LOWEST PRICES!

65 cent Corsets reduced to 39 cents.

50 cent Corsets reduced to 39 cents.



Obtain a pair of our 66 cent Kid Gloves.

S. G. AUSTIN & CO

To Day's Chicago Markets.

WHEAT.

	Opening 9:30 a. m.	Close 1 p. m.	Close 2:30 p. m.
Dec.	74 1/2	74 1/2	
May	81 1/2	81 1/2	

CORN.

Dec.	36 1/2	37 1/2	
May	42	42 1/2	

OATS.

Dec.	26 1/2	26 1/2	
May	30 1/2	30 1/2	

PORK.

Dec.	9.00	9.02 1/2	
Jan.	9.97 1/2	10.00	

Puts on Dec. wheat 75 1/2.
Calls " " 75 1/2 for Monday.

The above markets are official from the Board of Trade, Chicago, and supplied us by S. T. Johnson, office in Exchange Block.

—Ed. Underwood is ill.

—Charles Hawley is home on a visit.

—W. M. Kennedy, editor of the Sun, is still quite ill.

—Mrs. Judge Crabtree has been very ill but is better to-day.

—Rev. John Wilkinson will officiate at St. Luke's church to-morrow.

—Attorney at Law Thomas B. McMartin was here last evening on his way home to Sioux Falls.

—The Rev. L. M. Andrews left for Peconica this morning and will preach there to-morrow.

—James A. Hawley returned last evening from Chicago where he has been in attendance on a meeting of the Grand Chapter.

—The Rev. T. H. Tabor, who preaches in the Universalist church to-morrow, is editor of "Manford's Magazine" and is a man of marked ability.

—The Presbyterian Synod of Illinois in session at Mattoon last week elected Rev. E. C. Sickels Moderator by acclamation, an unusual honor.

—J. W. Blee, Democratic candidate for the State Senate, is here from Paw Paw on business. Nothing the matter with his fences he assures us.

—A. W. Rosecrans writes that his name is on the prohibition ticket for County Superintendent of schools without his consent and against his expressed wish. Mr. Rosecrans supports Mr. James for that office.

—The veteran clerk in Mr. Higgins' drug store now carries a very fine gold-headed cane on which is engraved the following words, "1886, Presented by B. B. and A. S. Higgins to J. W. Anderson." It was a token of respect most worthily bestowed.

—Father Thomas P. Hodnett, formerly pastor of St. Patrick's church in this city, on his return from a trip to Europe was given a grand reception by the people of St. Malachy's church, Chicago. A committee of eight met Father Hodnett at South Bend, as he was coming home, and on the arrival a grand welcome was tendered to him.

—J. W. Kent took a turn about the island last evening with torch and spear and enjoyed about fifty minutes of fine sport. In that short time he captured a couple dozen of fine bass and pickerel, one of the latter weighing six pounds. Where is there a country in which an Isaac Walton indulged in finer sport than right here on Rock river.

—Vote for the soldiers' monument.

—Don't fail to vote for the soldiers' monument.

—B. J. Ackland, of Viola, is here to-day on business.

—We give further particulars to-day of the terrible railroad accident at Portage, Wis.

—Peter Blackburn and Mary Keif were married at the Catholic church. A large audience was present to witness the ceremony.

—The Registry of the names in the three election districts of Dixon show that the voters have generally attended to the matter of having their names put upon the list, the number lacking only three of as many as there were votes cast at the last presidential election. The books in the three precincts show respectively the following number of voters, as recorded: First district 375; Second 408; Third 260; making a total of one thousand and forty-three. This record, according to the usual estimate made by statisticians, gives us nearly seven thousand inhabitants in the Dixon voting district.

—Mrs. Henry Scheick a German woman, sixty-five years of age, disappeared from her residence on Fourth street last Thursday morning about four o'clock. Diligent search has been made for her by her friends and her whereabouts is a mystery. She was not of sound mind and it is feared that she has drowned herself as she has frequently threatened to do so. At the time of her disappearance she was only dressed with a light skirt and wore a small shawl on her head. Jealousy is supposed to be one of the hallucinations of her mind that caused her to leave home.

—Chapter third of our beautiful romance in real life is given by the Sterling Gazette:

"Mr and Mrs. Andrew Sink (the elopers) left this afternoon on the 1:40 train for Chicago, where they will remain for a time. It perhaps may not be out of place to say that the bride was not as happy at the outset of the journey as brides generally are when they are about to start on the wedding trip, and perhaps she had good reasons for feeling sad. But time no doubt will have a soothing influence, and what may now appear as out of place may be the means of working good."

The Catholic Fair recently at Harmon was a grand affair. The music by Wagner and Cabill was first class. The articles donated by citizens and business men of Harmon, Dixon and Sterling were many; consisting of plows, chairs, overcoat, pumps, coal, etc. The contest for several of the articles was spirited and netted large sums of money. An ice pitcher, won by Miss Moriarity, brought two hundred dollars; a picture "The Trial of Robert Emmitt," won by Miss Hannah Drew, seventy-five dollars; single harness, won by Ed. Mannion, sixty dollars; bridle, won by Georgie Hill, fourteen dollars. The drawing was done in a fair and impartial manner as some of the articles went to parties in Chicago, Dixon, Sterling and adjoining towns. The fair was visited by several of the candidates and most of them went down deep into their pockets and took chances on everything going and the solicitors were around on every hand and did their part well. The candidates that smiled on us were Farrand, Hughes, Thompson, Woodyatt, Charters and Ackert. What with talking and walking with the fair as gentlemen only can, I think that citizens of Harmon will not forget them next Tuesday at the polls. They have shown themselves friends to us in our time of need. The management of the fair was all we could wish, both orderly, quiet and respectable. The net proceeds are eight hundred dollars; enough to pay the debt on the church and paint and fix it up in fine shape. In behalf of the society here we thank you one and all for your generous liberality and hope that "He that loveth a cheerful giver" will reward you here and hereafter. The fair was a success in every particular, and to the Rev. Father Green, pastor of the church, much credit is due for the manner in which the entertainment was conducted.

—We take this extract from an editorial in the Paw Paw Times, published in Mr. Thompson's home. We regret that it was not received in time to print it all to-day:

"Next Tuesday the name of our fellow townsman, James H. Thompson, will come before the people of this county as a candidate for the responsible position of County Clerk. There is no doubt of his success. He should be elected by a large majority. He has lived in this township since he was eight years old,

and now at the age of forty-three he comes before the people as a candidate for a county office. Thirty-five years continuous residence here has shown the people that he is strictly honorable. He has always filled with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the people all positions he has been called upon to fill, and they have been many; no breath of suspicion has ever attached itself to his reputation. Always ready to take the initiative in every movement that promised good for the community or individuals, he has enjoyed the respect and esteem of his fellow citizens. * * *

His canvass has been conducted honorably and openly. He has made hosts of friends all over the county who will see to it that he gets the large vote he deserves. There is nothing that can be truthfully said against Jimmy Thompson's honor or ability that will justify any man voting against him. He will certainly get a large vote in the east end of the county, and we look to see him win the race by a handsome majority.

—Strike out the words "or against" on your ticket and vote for the soldiers' monument. All tickets polled with the words "for or against" will not be counted.

Short-Hand College Notes

Mr. William A. Pankhurst, of this place, who recently resigned a good position at Des Moines, Iowa, left Friday morning for Rawlins, Wyo., to enter the employ of Homer Merrell, Atty., of that place, at a salary of \$75.00 per month. This does very well for a beginning.

Mr. Jerry O'Connor sends us very encouraging reports relative to his success with the large firm of J. W. Hugs & Co., of the same place.

Mr. Williams C. Tharpe, of Raritan, Ill., has just entered to complete the course in shorthand and typewriting. Dudley Woodworth entered some days ago for the Shorthand Business Course. Louie Stephan takes the same course also. Students are beginning to realize the importance of combining a knowledge of accounts with their stenographic accomplishments.

Miss Mary Roche, of Franklin Grove, Ill., one of our recent graduates, has just taken a position in Chicago with J. Allen Whyte, Esq., as stenographer and type writer.

We take the liberty of quoting a few words from a letter just received from Mrs. Bertie Lyke, of Chicago: "I find my position here at the Palmer House to be all that is desirable."

Miss Nannie Dorsey, who took a position in the same city some time ago, writes: "I am delighted with my place. I find no trouble in reading my notes, and can do the work required of me on the typewriter without the least trouble. Most of my letters are very long and are dictated by three different persons. I write affidavits, etc."

Miss Juliet Hastings, of Cadwallader, Ohio, one of our numerous students by letter, writes: "Must say I am more highly pleased than ever with your system."

Miss Minnie A. Hughes, who returned to her home at Franklin Grove, Ill., a few days ago, has just accepted a position in Chicago. She has been an earnest, faithful student, and will undoubtedly be a success.

Church Announcements.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Regular service to-morrow morning and evening.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Sabbath school at 10 a. m.; services at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. The pastor, Rev. L. M. Andrews, being called away the pulpit will be filled by Rev. T. H. Tabor, of Chicago. All are cordially invited.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

There will be a young people's meeting in the lecture room of the Lutheran church to-morrow evening at six o'clock. Subject: "The Old Old Story."

M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Martin E. Cady will preach to-morrow morning on "Immortality the Revelation of Christianity," and in the evening on "The Moral Aspects of the Proposed Amendment to the Constitution of this State." Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.

HOMELESS CHILDREN. The American Educational Aid Association has in care girls and boys of special promise for homes, aged from three months to ten years. Apply to any one of Advisory Board, J. H. Pratt, Rev. L. Lippe, Miss Shaw, A. J. Brubaker, or address

REV. M. T. B. VAN ARSDALE,
Normal Park, Chicago, Ill.

A. Gage wishes to announce to the people of Dixon that he is again in charge of the bus line and will run hacks to all trains. He will attend calls in person, day or night. Calls for parties or funerals will receive prompt attention.

87013

Fresh oysters at Bivins', Hennepin street.

87911

New Feed Store.

I have opened a feed store in the Central House where I will keep on hand a good supply of such goods and also baled hay. Please give me a call.

876w1

GEORGE E. WILKINS.

Rosbrook's hack line answers promptly all calls for trains day or night and makes no mistakes. Telephone No. 26.

Fred Stephens has purchased a car load of the celebrated Wiener lager beer, the best manufactured in Milwaukee, and is now on sale by the bottle or case.

I am now receiving daily Seipp's Celebrated Pale Beer in kegs. Also the Salvatore bottle beer, the best in the market.

THEO. LUCE, Keystone bar.

873

Oysters at Bivins', Hennepin street.

Dying and Cleaning.

Of all kinds, on Second street west of arch, by S. Lathrop.

864 748f

Tillson & Hayden wish to make an assertion, which they can back with a positive guarantee. It is all about Acker's Blood Elixir. We claim for it superior merits over all other remedies of its kind, and guarantee for it a positive and sure cure for Rheumatism, Syphilis and all blood disorders. It frees the skin from spots and disease, and leaves the complexion clear. Ask us about it.

For Sale Cheap.

The Billiard Pool Tables with fixtures in Temperance Billiard Hall. Apply to 88411 87614

EUGENE PINCKNEY.

To Whom It May Concern.

All accounts and notes due B. B. Higgins, must be settled on or before Dec. 1st, 1886. Call on A. S. Higgins, at office of A. C. Bardwell, over City Nat. Bank.

884w8876w3

Though numerous causes may operate to turn the hair gray, all that is needed to restore the natural color is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. For more than twenty years its sale has been enormous, but we have yet to learn of its first failure.

Cheap Ride.

The wagon will carry passengers to and from the depots and to any part of the city for Ten Cents a ride. We run to all trains.

8501f

U. STROUP.

Tillson & Hayden wish to state that they have at last found an article they can sell on its merits. It is with pleasure they guarantee to the public Acker's English remedy as a sure and never failing cure for Asthma, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Croup and all Lung Troubles.

598y1

1000 Washing Machines Free.

To introduce them we will give away 1,000 \$2.00 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send your name and street address at once. Address Monarch Laundry Works, 101 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

874110

An elastic step, buoyant spirits, and clear complexion, are the results of pure blood. The possessor of healthy blood enjoys a clearness of preception, impossible when the blood is heavy with impurities. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and vitaliz er.

DIXON PUMP AND PIPE WORKS

We are now prepared to do all kinds of repairing, such as wind-mills, mowers, wringers, sewing machines, etc. Will also do a general business in plumbing, pipe buildings for water, steam, or gas; put in new or repair old pumps. Light machinery made new and repaired. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ATKINS & BENNETT,
Water St., Watter's old stand.

Tilson & Hayden would specially recommend to the ladies Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. As a laxative they have no equal. They are guaranteed to cure Chronic Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all disease arising from a deranged stomach. With the free use of the Tablets, Sick Headache is impossible.

597y.

Bulk oysters at Bivins', Hennepin street.

Wood.

Good dry wood for sale. \$1.00 delivered.

M. McROBERTS.

WANTED.

A BOY from fourteen to sixteen years of age to do chores in the country this winter (or his board). Apply immediately. Address Box 5 878w1

Announcements.

At the solicitation of many friends I announce myself as an independent candidate for the office of County Judge at the coming election.

JAMES B. HARTMAN.

THIS undersigned hereby respectfully announces himself as an independent candidate for the office of County Judge, at the next election.

W. W. RATHBUN.

DRESS MAKING—Miss Clara Shaffer and Lizzie Whippman collect all kinds of dressmaking and sewing. Located on First street next to arch. 831w3

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Dixon, Ill., Oct. 18th, '86.

It is with a feeling of regret that we announce to the citizens of Dixon and vicinity that we have relinquished our interest in the drug business in this city. Our stock, good will, etc., have been transferred to Mr. W. L. Foote, who we can cheerfully recommend as a gentleman, and a practical pharmacist, of many years experience.

Mr. J. W. Anderson, who by 20 years of faithful service, has gained the esteem and confidence of the medical profession and public at large, will be found at his old post, where he will be ever ready to serve all his old customers and as many new ones as may favor the new management with their patronage. Thanking all our many friends for the large and increasing patronage we have received during the past 30 years of successful business, and respectfully soliciting a continuance of the same for our successor

We are, Respect Yours'

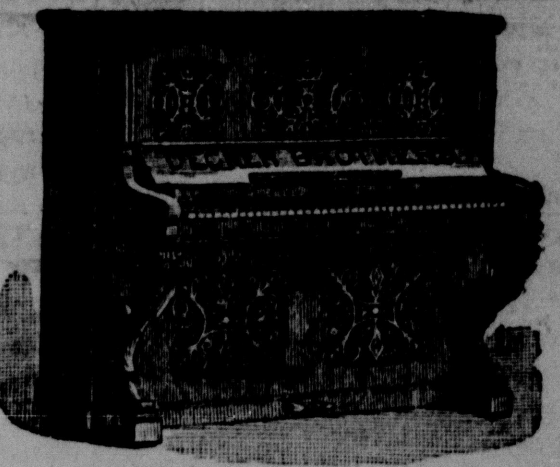
B. B. HIGGINS.
A. S. HIGGINS.

Three Hundred Over Coats

To select from at the OLD RELIABLE Stand, Galena st.

JAMES H. TODD.

R. A. RODESCH



DIXON, ILL.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE FINE OVER COATS Charles A. Todd

THE HATTER, Is showing at the Hat Store.

Another case of those FINE STIFF HATS Just received.

GLOVES AND MITTENS AT CHAS. A. TODD'S HAT STORE.

Elroy Comedy Co

—AT—

OPERA HOUSE. CONFUSION.

TO-NIGHT

Reserved seats at T. J. Hyde Co's.

10 and 20 Cents!

THE population of France has increased only 500,000 in five years.

EIGHT hundred and sixty-two thousand barrels of apples were shipped to London, Liverpool, and Glasgow from this country between August, 1885, and May, 1886.

THE English and American press has persistently called Frank Liszt "Abbe." As a matter of fact he was a canon, and was always known by that title on the continent—except in France, where he was known by a bewildering variety of clerical and secular titles. Canon Liszt it should be, but Abbe Liszt it has been and probably will be.

FORTY years ago a New Jersey railroad refused permission to Henry O'Reilly, who died recently in New York City, to erect posts and build a telegraph line along the road from Washington to New York on the ground that the "telegraph would interfere with travel, by enabling persons to transact business by its means, instead of using the railroad."

THE well-known oculist, Dr. Hermann Cohn, of Breslau, objects strongly to the slate ordinarily used by school children, and proposes the use of white stone slabs. Dr. Steffan, in a recent number of the *Monatsschrift für Augenheilkunde*, shares Dr. Cohn's objections to the slate, but recommends white-enameled tinned iron as the best material for writing tablets.

SENATOR DON CAMERON writes his name in hotel-registers, preceded and followed by a heavy dash "J. D. Cameron." Being a very modest man, the prefix or suffix of "Senator" is very repugnant to him, and he hit upon the dashing expedient to head off ambitious hotel clerks, who persistently disregard his requests to leave off all appendages to his name.

BICYCLE riding, like roller-skating, has produced a new class of disease. It is an affection of the spine and kidneys, resulting from the continual jar of the machine. Six or eight cases of it are known that cannot be classified by their symptoms with any heretofore known ailment. In every instance it can be traced to the wheel. It exists only, however, in men of feeble organizations and non-elastic constitution.

"ROSCOE CONKLING," said a New York jeweler, "has a broad mind. He is not only a great lawyer, but his general information is great. He has a great many chains and charms, and he calls them all keepsakes. He asks questions about the jewelry business which prove that he knows what he is talking about. The other day, when he ordered a pair of sleeve-buttons, he drew a diagram showing just the size and thickness he wanted them made. No jeweler could have drawn it more clearly or more correctly."

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR have to pay pretty well for their membership. Seventy-five dollars is about the average fee for joining the Masonic fraternity itself, then the chapter fee is about \$50 more, and the commandery \$100. The outfit costs at least \$150, and the yearly dues amount altogether to about \$12. That makes a total of about \$387 for the first year, with \$100 added if a man wants to be a member of the consistory. There is said to be a lodge in New York that it costs \$500 to join at all, and in which the dues are large in proportion.

BISMARCKIAN relic hunters have had a fine harvest in Franzensbad, where the rooms which the great statesman occupied in the Hotel Huebner have been fairly stormed and ransacked. The apartment in which the Iron Chancellor had worked became the scene of a stand-up fight among the intruders. Everything that the Prince could possibly have touched was considered a good prize—paper clippings, quills, candle, and cigar ends, toothpicks, pencils, and the primitive porcelain inkstand itself. Some of the most intrepid invaders are said to have triumphantly carried off the soap, soap-dishes, and glasses of the washstand.

ON the door of Prince Bismarck's study at Friedrichsruhe are notches indicating the height of all the members of the family. They are as follows: Prince Bismarck, 6 feet 2 inches; Count Herbert, 6 feet 1½ inches; Count William, 6 feet and ¾ inch; Count Rantzau (Bismarck's son-in-law), 5 feet 10½ inches; Princess Bismarck, 5 feet 8½ inches; and Countess Mary von Rantzau, the Prince's daughter, 5 feet 8 inches. This gives an average height of 5 feet 11 inches for the whole family.

But opposite the name of Princess Bismarck is a note scrawled with a pencil saying that when she was measured she stood on her tiptoes.

SPEAKING to a newspaper correspondent the other day of the seven days' battles around Richmond, Jeff. Davis said Gen. Lee conceived and executed the desperate plan to turn the flank and rear of McClellan's army, which drove it from Richmond. He said that the failure to annihilate the Federal army was due chiefly to the fact that Gen. Lee had no maps of the country below Richmond, and that his army moved in ignorance of the country and with guides who, for the most part, proved themselves utterly inefficient. He said that Gen. Lee's object in the retreat from Petersburg was to reach Danville, and then to unite with Gen. Johnston and crush Sherman before Grant could come up.

THE story that Cuba desires to be annexed to the United States is revived, and it is stated there are various reasons for this desire on the part of the Cubans. In the first place, the natives very greatly admire our form of government, and dislike that under which they live. Then, they are largely intermarried with Americans and linked with our business interests. American business of every description stands higher in Cuban estimation than that of Spain. In Cuba the English language is spoken by all of the better classes, and the Spanish is almost despised on account of the tyranny of the mother country. Spain takes everything from Cuba, and gives her nothing, unless it is protection when Spanish interests are jeopardized. The Cubans believe they could get in a close relation with the United States, more protection and internal encouragement in the way of improvement.

OUIDA appears to have won for herself unenviable notoriety, by her recent article in the *North American Review* upon female suffrage. Of her, Julian Hawthorne says: "Why not draw the line at Ouida? There is nothing in her, mentally, morally, or physically, which any man or woman can respect. The dignity of human nature (such as it is) is lowered by the fact of her existence; and every overt act of the unfortunate creature has been a mischievous and unclean act. In literature, she has what is called the sense of 'color,' and she has a prurient imagination; but she has always thrown the weight of what talent she possesses on the side of evil, though she has lacked the courage to do so avowedly. She has always conducted her foul raids under the name and style of Innocence, Virtue & Co. But even were her romances all that they are not, there is still no reason why she should be called upon to express her views on female suffrage. The poor woman has nothing in the way of what are commonly called brains; and save under the stimulus of some obscenity or other, even her animal instincts are torpid."

THE symptoms of pleuro-pneumonia, or cattle plague, are thus described: In its nature it is a specific infectious disease, generally affecting the lungs and the lining membrane of the chest, producing a particular form of lobar or lobular pleuro-pneumonia, and in the majority of cases, if not in all, it is transmitted through the medium of impure air—hence its localization in the lungs. Inoculation with the fluid from the diseased lungs does not produce any effect on other than the bovine species, but in this its action is most energetic. Producing after a certain interval characteristic lesions at the seat of inoculation, the morbid change or ineffective process soon involves parts beyond, and if not checked may cause most serious damage and even the death of the inoculated animal; though it does not develop the lung lesions always observe in accidental infection, yet there is a local anatomical similarity or identity. The malady is slow and insidious in its course, lasting from two to three weeks to as many months, the chief symptoms being fever, a diminished appetite, a short cough of a peculiar and pathognomonic character, with quickened breathing and pulse and physical indications of lung and chest disease. The progress of the malady is marked by exacerbation of the symptoms, and toward the end there is great debility and emaciation, death generally ensuing after the hectic fever has set in. Recovery is somewhat rare. The pathological changes are generally limited to the chest and its contents, and consists in a peculiar marble-like appearance of the lungs on section, and fibrinous deposits on the pleural membrane, with often-times great effusion into the cavity of the thorax. Fortunately it is entirely confined to the bovine species; no well-authenticated instances of its transmission, either accidental or experimental, to other species have been recorded.

ARTHUR, LAUNCELOT, AND GUINEVERE.

I.
"And Arthur passing thence to battle, felt
Travail and throe and agonies of the life,
Dooming to be joined to Guinevere and thinking
"Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
Up to the throne and side by side with me?"
What happiness to reign a lonely King,
Vexed with waste dreams? for, saving I be
joined
To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world."
II.
"Sir Launcelot went Ambassador at first
To fetch her, and she watched him from her
walls;
A rumor runs she took him for the King,
So fixed her face on him.
The sun of May descended on their King,
They gazed on all earth's beauty in their Queen,
Rolled in incense and there passed along the
hymns
A voice as of the waters while the two
Swore at the shrine of Christ a deathless love,
And Arthur said, "Behold thy doom is mine,
To whom the Queen replied with drooping eyes,
"Let chance what will, I love thee to the death."
III.
"Queen Guinevere had fled the court and sat
There in the holy house at Almesbury
Weeping, none with her save a little maid. . .
A murmuring whisper through the nunnery
ran.
Then on a sudden cry, "The King!" she sat
Stiff stricken, listening, but when armed feet
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell
And groveled with her face against the floor.
She made her face a darkness from the King,
And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice;
Denouncing judgment, but though changed, the
King's.
"Fear not, thou shalt be guarded till my death,
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me
That I, the King, should greatly care to live,
For thou hast snatched the purpose of my life,
And all is passed, the sin is signed, and I
Lo, I forgive thee as eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest!"

LOVED IN VAIN.

BY E. H. L.

"How do you like her, Jud?"
Young Doctor Galbraith looked up at his cousin a second before answering.
"If she were worth a hundred thousand I would marry her to-morrow. She is a girl who, ten years from now, will do honor to even a Galbraith."
Alice was silent, and outside the open door, in the hall, Carmie had come all unhearing in her slippers, but not unhearing, and stood silent also. She was not vain, so felt a strange delight in this man's words, cruel and heartless as they were; but she was proud and sensitive and her eyes flashed, and something of the superb power that Judson Galbraith prophesied for ten years hence thrilled her as she stood there; then, nothing but a girl, she shivered as she thought how easily she could have been won by this handsome, careless man had she been wealthy—won, but not loved; and she crept quietly away, wondering if she could ever be anything to be proud of—anything but a poor, paid governess.
"Thirty to-day! Once I should have considered myself old at this age, with the best of my life passed, and little before me to enjoy; but now I am very happy, thankful, and content."
Carmie Brownell was looking across the blue sea waters, her hands resting upon the railing of the balcony, her calm, sweet face grave and thoughtful.
The climbing ivy and the rose threw fluttering leaf shadows and sunshine upon her tall, lithe form; and people on the beach below turned to look at the unconscious figure a second time.
"Who is she, Leicester?"
"Miss Brownell."
"Is that all there is to say of her?"
"No; I might talk a day or two of her, and you would be as little acquainted."
"You are unusually reticent. She must have incurred your lordship's displeasure, and you punish by ignoring her."
"We are good friends; but I knew that your questions were prompted by idle curiosity, and thought I would wait until you met her. She has won a fair fame and considerable wealth, I believe, by untiring patience and labor. She has triumphed over every obstacle, met trouble and disappointment that would have crushed a woman less brave, and now, from it all she brings, instead of a cynical, selfish nature, one so thoroughly pure that men are made better for her living."
"She is wealthy, famous, but still unmarried?"
"Yes; even an old maid, if you like. But no one ever thinks of that."
Philip Leicester frowned, and there was a ring of displeasure in his sweet, strong voice. It angered him to hear this cool questioning, even from a friend.
Doctor Galbraith, at his side, handsome, fascinating, worldly-wise, and a trifle worldly-wild, turned again to look at the white-robed figure.
They sauntered back an hour later, just as Miss Brownell tightened the reins over her high-stepping blacks.
Those are magnificent animals, by Jove!" exclaimed Galbraith.
"Yes; she handles them perfectly, too."
And Philip's dark eyes flashed, and a wonderful light swept over his face, with the smile and bow he gave Carmie Brownell; while she gave a glance at both, but a smile to only one, as she dashed by.
And the second time that day the fastidious Judson Galbraith turned to look at a woman.
He had quite forgotten her, however, until he saw her that evening in a little crowd in the large drawing-room.
Philip Leicester was one of the crowd, and Galbraith made his way toward them to be introduced.
She rose, smiling, gracious, thoroughly a lady, with no pretence to girlishness. There were valley lilies at her belt, valley lilies in the soft lace at her throat, and valley lilies in the loose, low-coiled hair.
Her eyes were clear, brave, tender; her face one that changed with every thought, but was ever pure and true.
The summer passed, as all summers have a way of doing, and one night, when the season was almost ended, Carmie Brownell stood upon the terrace in the moonlight, listening to the roar and moan of the waters.
Judson Galbraith found her there, looking like some still, restful picture; but she turned with her old smile as he asked, "Did you come to escape the crowd?"
"No; for had the crowd been here I should have stayed, I love the sea so much. I never dance, you know, and shall not be missed."
"I missed you, and searched until I found you—dreaming."
"Perhaps I am given to dreaming; but to-night I was thinking of my past life."
"Your past, like your present, is good to remember."
He spoke with a shade of bitterness; for

what did hers make his own careless, worldly one appear?
"I was only thinking of the starting point. Shall we return?"
"Not unless you wish it; for I have wanted to see you alone, but have not been able to do so. You must know what it is I have to tell, for no man can be with you without learning to love and respect you. My life is not worthy to offer; but you can make me what you will. Oh, Carmie, I love you, I love you! Will you say that you care for me and will be my wife?"
His face was pale with the great passion which thrilled his soul, his eyes were burning and bright as they searched her face for one tender look, and his hands closed upon hers with a fierce, overmastering grasp; but she was looking away from his face, beyond the line of harbor lights and the very sea itself, as she answered, slowly, "Is it myself or my hundred thousand that you would marry?"
All the scorn and subdued feelings of those twelve years rang out in the clear, proud voice.
"Yourself! What do I care for your wealth? Come to me penniless; but for your love, I will work for both; only tell me I can, dearest."
"Wait until I repeat your words of twelve years ago. Let me show you how well I remember. You said of Carmie Brownell, a poor and friendless girl, 'Were she worth a hundred thousand I would marry her to-morrow.' I am worth it now, and you come saying that you love me. Had you said so then, the girl Carmie would have believed with a faith the woman has not. I am glad you didn't say this then, even if you cared for me; you did me a greater service, for, after hearing your opinion of me I crept away, and after the first outbreak I determined to make my life worth living, even if it might never be 'worthy a Galbraith'; and the words that wounded so cruelly at first proved the incentive and watchword to something better than I then dared dream. Years ago I should have considered your offer to me to-night the best of all, and would have thought myself avenged; but now I am only sorry that any one should suffer through caring for me."
The sweet, earnest voice was silent; the waves moaned and sobbed on the sands below like some doomed, hopeless soul, and the music floated out to them wild and sweet—dying in a crash and wail of anguish.
"Is there no hope, if you have forgiven my foolish, mercenary words? Oh, Carmie, let me live for you, and prove my love by that!"
She turned with a face as white as his in the moonlight, and a look of pain in her grave eyes; then, very softly, with a world of saddened tenderness in her voice, "I am engaged to marry Philip Leicester; we have cared for each other a long time."
And then Leicester's tall form came upon the terrace. He took Carmie's hand upon his arm, and drew her soft shawl around her with a proud air of possession; while Carmie, ever thoughtful for this strong man's passion and the sorrow that had settled like darkness upon him, led Philip down the steps and away under the great calm stars and the moonlight to walk in the glory of perfect love together.

Hero Worship.

There would not be any hero worship in the world if it were not for women. Of course there would not be any religion. Men are utterly irreligious, and, being accustomed to take care of themselves in this world, they seem to be pretty confident of their ability to do the same in the next. They don't object to take care of women in this world, but they display an utter indifference as to their future beyond the grave, and women, consequently, have a dim idea that some religion is advisable, if not indispensable. It is, however, the women that make heroes out of men and heroines out of women. All the time men, for instance, hurrahed for Grant; but they disputed his laurels, criticised his strategy, fought about his tactics, and tempered everything with a reservation. But the women—they simply worshiped him and never disputed anything. It does not take much in a woman's eyes to make a man a hero. A rather vague conception of what is heroic is sometimes noticeable, but—bless them—they are so queer and so enthusiastic that it doesn't matter a button what a man has done to make himself talked about.
"He's committed a murder!"
"Poor man!"
"He's run away with another man's wife."
"How cunning!"
"He's robbed a bank."
"Do let me see him!"
That's the way they talk.
Men can only make a heroine out of a ballet girl who has no talent. If an actress is bright, clever, and agreeable, the women spoil her. It isn't the men. An actress who is an artist does not care half as much for the adulation of men as for the worship of women. The idol of the dudes, the idol of men without brains, is never more than a curiosity to women. They do not even envy her, even if she be of world-wide notoriety. The woman on the stage who has style, and self-respect, and brains gets more ardent admiration from her sisters than men are capable of, and it pleases her, keeps up her self-respect, and develops her brains. And where women admire, you will always find the men whose characters and tastes stand highest. But women's taste in men is different. They don't understand the sex, and are apt to be misled into admiring underserving men. But still they can make them heroes, even if other men deny everything about them. Patti always liked to capture the female part of her audiences. She never spoke about the flowers and jewels even Kings and Princes sent to her; but she never missed once the corsage bouquet torn from the bosom of one of her own sex in the auditorium and thrown impulsively at her feet.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.
Who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has *vigor*; who can produce more and better, has *talents*; who can produce what none else can, has *genius*.
THIRTY-SIX million Japs wear wooden shoes.

PITH AND POINT.

COMMON SENSES—onions at a board-ing-house.
THE oldest verse in existence—the uni-verse.
WANT to be in the cabinet—spiritual-istic medium.
NOBODY can say, Mrs. Brown, that I did not bring my son up as a Christian. It is not my fault that he is now little better than an acrostic.
FISH are so plenty in some parts of Canada that in order to tell a first-class lie, the sportsman has to swear he didn't catch any.—*Texas Siftings*.
"WHAT would a woman do without her looking-glass?" is asked. Use another's. You can't stick a woman as easy as you think.—*Binghampton Republican*.
"TAKE my card to Miss Smawkins. I will wait here." "The missus has gone out." "Very well; I will wait." "I'll send down her father, sir." "On second thought, I won't wait."
THE teacher had grown eloquent in picturing to his little pupils the beauties of heaven, and asked, "What kind of little boys go to heaven?" "Dead ones," shouted a lovely 4-year-old.
HUSBAND (returning from the funeral)—The minister, in his funeral sermon, seemed to be very much overcome. If I am not mistaken he was affected to tears. Wife—Yes; the deceased, poor man, was worth \$100,000.—*New York Times*.
SNOBLY—Aw—aw—it must be very unpleasant for you Americans to be governed by people—aw—whom you wouldn't ask to dinner? American Belle—Well, not more so, perhaps, than for you in England to be governed by people who wouldn't ask you to dinner.
"YES," said the old man, "my sons are very ambitious, and they are getting along well. One is the captain of a tow-boat, and the other is a physician, and each is trying his best to see which can make the most money." "Ah," said the listener; "a sort of heal and tow match, as it were."
WIFE—John, dear, I notice that your brother James never makes a friendly call upon us unless he is intoxicated. Husband—No, my dear, he doesn't. James reminds me of the moon. Wife—Reminds you of the moon? Husband—Yes, dear; he never gets round till he's full.—*New York World*.
HIGHWAYMEN in Boston universally complain that the business there is a dismal failure. No true-bred Bostonian would ever give a cent to a plebeian robber who would say, "Your money or your life!" and before the highwaymen can ejaculate, "Your pecuniary assets or your existence!" his intended victim is away out of sight.—*Somerville Journal*.
A LITTLE green apple hung up in a tree, Singing "Johnnie, come Johnnie, come Johnnie!"
And it was as modest as modest could be, Singing "Johnnie, come Johnnie, come Johnnie!"
And Johnnie came, in his sweet childish way, And set up that fruit as his own lawful prey—
The angels in heaven are singing to-day "Here's a Johnnie! Here's a Johnnie! Here's a Johnnie!"
—*Washington Critic*.
YOUNG FEATHERLY—Of Shakespeare's plays I think I prefer "Richelieu." Miss Clara—Er—but Shakespeare did not write "Richelieu." Mr. Featherly. Young Featherly (with an amused smile)—Ah! I see, Miss Clara. You are one of the few left who believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. I wonder if the question will ever be satisfactorily settled.—*New York Times*.
BROWN VS. GRAY.
My hair is getting swiftly gray,
Which makes me somewhat savage,
And I must go and dye, they say,
To hide marks of Time's ravage.
Yet, oh, the lotions tried by me!
And still I must keep trying,
Or show a scalp from dark hair free—I cannot keep from dyeing.
I mind the "barberous" remark,
Amid much tiresome talking:
"My mixture of aquila bark
Will hide tracks of Time's walking!"
Yet, oh, the lotions tried by me!
And still I must keep trying,
Or show a scalp from dark hairs free—I cannot keep from dyeing!
—*T. G. La Malle*.
Bloody Work.
"There, I think that will fix him," said the editor of a Dakota paper to the foreman. "Here is what I say: 'The miserable, cowardly, sneaking whelp who makes a sickening and disgusting effort to edit the daub known to the half dozen or so who are aware it is published here as the *Corktown Morgue*, printed another batch of base and silly lies about us last week. We take this occasion to give the above-mentioned howling idiot notice that we shall shoot him on sight. We have stood all of it we propose to. We shall go armed, and the lunk-headed, overgrown calf had better keep out of our sight if he values his miserable, worthless life.'"
"Hold on," said the foreman, looking out the window, "better get out your gun, he's coming now."
"Why, good morning, Major, come in." said the blood-thirsty journalist, laying down the manuscript. "I was reading over one of my editorials in which I call upon Congress to quit tariff tinkering and get down to the crying needs of the country. It's disgusting the way it neglects business, isn't it?"
"It is for a fact, I propose to refer to it myself this week. Well, I can't stop now."
"Oh, don't be in a hurry, sorry we can't do anything for you to-day. Well, good morning, Major."
"Good morning."—*Estelline Bell*.
AN Irish sporting paper recently described a particular thrush or black-bird whose vocation it was to serenade from morning to night.

TRIANGULAR POLITICS

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE FIGHT IN
NEW YORK CITY.

**Powderly to Take a Hand for George—
A Busy Day for Roosevelt—Hewitt
Anything but Idle—Rossa's Alleged
Offer—Hill Operating Against Blaine—
Political Miscellany.**

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—Mr. Powderly has written Henry George that he will speak in New York next Monday night for the labor candidate. Mr. George has accordingly engaged the Academy of Music for that purpose, and preparations are being made to have a great demonstration. The object in Mr. Powderly's coming is to disprove the stories circulated by Mr. George's opponents that the Knights of Labor were not heartily in favor of his candidacy for mayor.

Mr. George addressed a large meeting of cigar makers Friday afternoon at Liberty street and Maiden lane. Mr. George has forwarded a check for a liberal amount to the widow of John McKegney, who was killed by a ruffian named McGrath for declaring himself a supporter of George.

In reply to the letters of Mr. Preston and Father Ducey, Mr. George said:

"Fathers Preston and Ducey do not speak for the Catholic people of this city. They are only two of the clergy. Are their opinions worth more—or as much—as those combined of Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of St. Stephens; Rev. H. C. McDowell, of St. Agnes; Rev. Father Phelan, of St. Cecilia; Rev. J. P. McCarthy, and a dozen more that I could name?"

Mr. John Mackin, chairman of the organized labor campaign committee, said the supporters of Mr. George would support Democrats for the rest of the ticket. The tickets printed in the George interest all have Judge Peckham's name upon them for appeals judge, but are divided between the parties as to the other candidates. A large number of out-door and in-doors campaign meetings were held Friday evening.

Mr. Roosevelt, after a busy day at headquarters, where the callers were remarkable both as to quality and number, started out for hard evening's work. He first addressed a large audience of colored voters at the Grand Opera house. Next he went to Concordia hall in the Eighth district and made a brief speech. From here he proceeded to the hall at 498 Third avenue, where he spoke to an earnest crowd of east-siders. A few moments later he was in a special locomotive speeding up to Tremont, where he was the principal speaker at a meeting in Itner's hall. Returning on the same locomotive he hurried from the Grand Central station to make his last speech for the evening at the Cafe Lenox, Third avenue and Seventy-second street. There were several large Republican ratification meetings in different parts of the city which Mr. Roosevelt could not find time to attend.

Meanwhile the Democratic candidate, Mr. Hewitt, was fully as busy as his two rivals. During the day he had received reports from his managers indicating that a thorough canvass of the manufactories and workshops of the city had revealed the fact that the George boom is petering out. It was claimed that the working people in these establishments were very strongly Democratic. There were a great many callers upon Mr. Hewitt, and all assured him of success. There was a large Hewitt meeting Friday evening at the Cooper Union under the auspices of the German-American Citizens' association. The big hall was crowded, and speeches by Carl Schurz, ex Governor Salomon, of Wisconsin; Sigmond Kauffmann and others were warmly applauded. An other mass-meeting at Steinway hall, called by the Business Men's Municipal association, was addressed by Mr. Hewitt himself and by Frederick R. Couderc, E. Ellery Anderson, Algernon S. Sullivan, and other Democratic leaders. Mr. J. Edward Simmons, president of the board of education, and who withdrew from the candidacy for mayor in favor of Mr. Hewitt, presided over the meeting. Other Hewitt meetings were held in the different districts of the city.

The story of O'Donovan Rossa offering his support to Mr. Roosevelt in consideration of a check for a goodly sum, is accepted as true, and Rossa is made the subject of many uncomplimentary remarks by members of both parties. Mr. Roosevelt ignored the offer, and nobody seems to think Rossa's support would be of much value to any candidate. The story is to the effect that Rossa wanted Roosevelt to give him two checks—one for a comparatively small amount for Irish cause, to be dated after the election and cancelled if Roosevelt was beaten, and the other for a much larger amount for Rossa personally and to be good for the cash under any circumstances.

GOV. HILL FOLLOWS BLAINE.

The New York Executive Goes to Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 30.—Governor Hill, of New York, Col. M. G. Rice, his private secretary, and Alfred C. Chapin, the comptroller of the state of New York, arrived in this city Friday afternoon. The distinguished party were met at the Pennsylvania depot by Chairman Hensel, of the Democratic state committee, and Assistant Postmaster Parker, and immediately driven to the Girard house. At 6 o'clock in the evening Governor Hill was entertained at dinner by Collector Cadwalader. The heads of the federal offices, the state candidates and a few prominent Democrats were also guests of the collector. After dinner the party were escorted to the Academy of Music by the American Club.

A large audience had gathered in the Academy to hear the governor and he was enthusiastically received when he made his appearance. In his speech he referred to the predictions of commercial disaster made by the Republicans before the election, which he said had been not only disproved but made ridiculous. If the Democrats had failed to carry out any of their promises it was because they had been hampered by not having full control. If the people of Pennsylvania and New York would now choose Democratic legislatures, a Democratic senate might result, and the policy of the administration might be carried on unhindered.

In discussing the issues of the day Governor Hill said that Mr. Blaine was now telling the people of this state that he was opposed to any tariff legislation. He wanted the tariff to stand as it was, though the platform of the Republican national convention

bad distinctly called for a revision and had declared that many inequalities existed. At this point Governor Hill recalled a letter written by Mr. Blaine in 1883 to Charles Emory Smith, of this city, in which he said that under the present system of taxation we have over \$100,000,000 yearly surplus, and that the surplus ought to be reduced. "Yet," continued the governor, "Mr. Blaine now opposes revision of the tariff. The trouble with Mr. Blaine is that he writes too many letters. This one that was not burned. [Laughter.] All that we ask," continued the speaker, "is that same revision of the tariff, and we are content to rest with that declaration." The governor proceeded to deny Mr. Blaine's assertions of intimidation of southern negro voters. He declared that they were unsupported by any trustworthy evidence. "Grover Cleveland is the last man to countenance unfairness to the colored people," said Governor Hill, and went on to remind his hearers that the president's appointment of a colored man to office had been rejected by the Republican senate. He added that Mr. Blaine's charge of Democratic use of "loaded dice" in southern politics came with ill-grace from that quarter. Mr. Blaine might better have gone into Rhode Island and told them to remove the political injustice which excludes foreign born citizens from the ballot-box unless they have property.

Governor Hill argued at some length to show that but for the Republicans' refusal to allow reapportionment in Pennsylvania and New York the United States senate would now be Democratic.

POLITICS MAKES NO DIFFERENCE

When Cupid Gets a Show with His Little Bow and Arrow.

WABASH, Ind., Oct. 30.—A big sensation is agitating the people of Lagro township, this county. Last summer, Philip Fowley, a well-to-do young farmer, of Hillsboro, Ohio, came here on a visit to his parents. While sojourning in Lagro township he met Miss Alice Hall, a very pretty young lady of 17, daughter of a prominent farmer. Before his departure he proposed marriage and was accepted, but the lady's father, who is a Democrat, objected to her marriage with a Republican, and Fowley returned home disconsolate. When he returned here again this week she consented to elope with him, and meeting him at the depot here Thursday they went to Niles, Mich., and were married. Mr. Hall refused to receive his daughter, and ordered her away from the house, and the couple Friday left for Ohio.

A Dispute About Tickets.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 30.—The Republican tickets as printed for the election next Tuesday have a line both for and against the constitutional amendment abolishing convict labor. The Democrats have but a line for the amendment. The Republicans state that they have the opinion of leading lawyers that the ticket should be printed with both lines to make it a legal ticket. However, the Labor leaders have issued a manifesto declaring that the Republicans acted in bad faith and warning workmen to erase the word "against" wherever it appears.

Depends on How the Knights Vote.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Oct. 30.—The Knights of Labor are busily circulating a hand-bill claiming to show that in the last congress Butterworth and Brown, Republican candidates for congress, either voted against or did not vote at all on all bills in which Knights of Labor were interested. There are 10,000 Knights of Labor who vote in Cincinnati, and the election or defeat of these gentlemen will depend on the effect these circulars may have upon the Knights of Labor.

SURE OF THEIR MAN

Latest of The Express Robbery — The Amount Stolen Stated at \$120,000.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 30.—L. C. Weir, manager of the Adams Express company, was seen at a late hour Friday night, and, in reply to questions concerning the recent robbery on the St. Louis & San Francisco road, said: "We are sure of our man." He would say no more, and positively refused to answer any leading questions. There are reports that Fotheringham has confessed that he was one of the guilty parties himself. He has been in charge of detectives ever since the robbery, who have been endeavoring to get a confession from him. It is also stated that the robbery amounted to \$120,000 instead of \$50,000. The suspicion is expressed that several employees of the express and of the railroad company carefully planned the robbery with the knowledge of Fotheringham and divided the money between them.

A Military Officer's Peculiar Status.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 30.—Gen. Sheridan has set aside the verdict of the court-martial in the case of Capt. Johnson, U. S. A., retired, who was charged with duplicating his pay accounts and acquitted. The record showed that Johnson admitted the execution of two sets of vouchers for his own pay for one month, which vouchers he permitted to pass beyond his control, although he had some private arrangement to protect the government. This private arrangement, Gen. Sheridan says, should not have been recognized, as Johnson's act was inexcusable under any circumstances. The accused is ordered released from arrest and the court-martial dissolved. Gen. Sheridan's action is almost unprecedented, but perfectly legal, while Johnson stands in the same position as before he was tried, and can not be tried again for the offense.

Powderly Prevents a Big Lockout.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 30.—A conference took place Friday afternoon between General Master Workman Powderly and the aid committee of the Philadelphia Manufacturers' association. Some days ago the aid committee declared that they would lock out all the mill employees of the different mills unless the difficulties with William P. Troth & Co.'s mill were settled. The facts being laid before Mr. Powderly, that gentleman agreed to order Troth & Co.'s employees to return to work pending arbitration, and did so later in the day. The arbitration will be conducted by Mr. John Lowber Welsh for the manufacturers and Mr. Herbert Welsh for the employees. These gentlemen will select a third conferee. About 100,000 mill employees are involved.

Double Collision on the Rail.

BELLOWS FALLS, Vt., Oct. 30.—There was a serious smash-up Friday morning at Gas-

ton station on the Central Vermont railroad, seventeen miles north of Bellows Falls. The officials are reticent regarding details. Train No. 4, a freight and a passenger combined, leaving here at 4:30 a. m., while stopping at the station was run into by an extra freight following her. Freight train No. 6, leaving here at 6 o'clock, ran into the rear of the extra on a bridge, wrecking all three trains and entirely blocking the track. No one seriously injured.

Says He Was Possessed of a Devil.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—Friday morning the Hyde Park police captured and have now in safe keeping the negro who brutally assaulted and robbed Mrs. Mary Dolan and Miss Nora Moran on Sixty-third street last Sunday night. The prisoner has confessed having committed the deed, giving as his only excuse that he was possessed of a devil and did not know at the time the enormity of his crime.

Went Ashore and Got Off Again.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—There was some excitement in shipping circles Friday over the report that the steamship Pavonia of the Cunard line was stuck on High Pine Ledge, near Duxbury, Mass., a dangerous reef. She got off safely however, and arrived at Boston all right. She had 300 passengers on board.

A Case of Destitution in Hungary.

PESTH, Oct. 30.—Thirty poor persons were found by the police Thursday night sleeping in a warm water drain, or sewer. All of them were cared for by the police, who supplied them with clothing.

They Will not Consolidate.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—A special to The Post from Boston says: Despite rumors which have been widely circulated that the Chicago, Burlington & Northern, and the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railroads are to consolidate, the best of authority is given for denying the story. The relations of the Northern to the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy are such as to make such a consolidation out of the question, at least for the next year or so.

The New President of the Reading Road.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—Austin Corbin, the new president of the Pennsylvania & Reading road, is going to Philadelphia next week to reside permanently. Mr. Corbin promises to save the Reading large sums of money by a system of rigid economy which he will introduce. His first order will be to reduce the force at the main office in Philadelphia from 500 to 250 men. He will also close the free restaurant, which costs the company \$20,000 a year.

Sale of a Railway in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—The Toledo, Peoria & Western railroad was sold Friday by Master in Chancery H. W. Bishop, of the United States court, for \$4,790,000, to John M. Bowers, of New York, attorney for Charles Moran and Thomas Denny, representatives of the first mortgage bondholders' committee. The first mortgage with interest amounts to \$5,100,000.

Came Near Being Lynched.

IOWA CITY, Iowa, Oct. 30.—M. Saukop, the Bohemian, who murdered one woman and seriously injured another with an ax in this county several days ago, came near being lynched by an infuriated mob near Shucyville Thursday night. He was brought to the county jail in this city Friday night and locked up to await trial.

Disastrous Floods in Italy.

ROME, Oct. 30.—Disastrous floods are reported in Ferrara, Maremma, and other parts of north and west Italy, caused by the overflow of the rivers Po and Ombrone and various smaller streams, owing to recent heavy and protracted rains. Great distress prevails among the peasantry in consequence.

They Will Not Impeach the Mayor.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 30.—At a meeting of the special committee of the law committee of councils, to which was referred the question of the impeachment of the mayor, it was agreed to recommend that the resolutions appointing a committee to prepare articles of impeachment be indefinitely postponed.

Say Its a Republican Scheme.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 30.—In answer to interrogations sent out by the state Civil Service association to candidates for the legislature, asking them whether or not, if elected, they will favor the extension of the principles of the Pendleton civil service law to state benevolent and penal institutions, answers of an affirmative nature have been received from ten Republican candidates for the senate, twenty-nine Republican candidates for the house. Democrats regard it as a Republican scheme to capture the legislature, and take no notice of the matter except to denounce it.

Pushing a New Southern Railway.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 30.—A contract has been signed by the United States Railroad Construction company of New York to build and equip the Savannah, Dublin & Western railroad from Savannah, Ga., to Macon, Ga., 157 miles, within eight months' time. The branch line of the road, from Macon to Americus, Ga., a distance of ninety miles, will be completed in fourteen months from date, at which time the whole system will be in operation.

Arbor Days in Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 30.—State Superintendent Holcombe is sending circulars to superintendents, teachers and trustees recommending two arbor days in the state. He says: "Friday afternoon may properly be devoted to this work, and Nov. 19 and April 8 are suggested as the dates this year. Suitable literary exercises should be given by the pupils, with the naming of trees after favorite authors or persons distinguished for services to education."

Banker Dustin's Failure.

LINCOLN, Ill., Oct. 30.—The Dustin bank failure assumes greater proportions as the days pass. Dustin's Montana liabilities now reach \$95,000. The liabilities foot up over \$200,000 with only \$67,000 of assets in sight. The loss to depositors is a cool \$100,000, and falls with fearful effect. Dustin is preparing to assign, and it is barely possible he will pay 25 cents on the dollar.

Frost in the Far South.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 30.—White frost is reported all along Mississippi Sound and within ten miles of this city. At Baton Rouge the mercury fell to 40 degrees above zero Thursday morning. There was a killing frost at Jackson, Miss.

Is Your Liver Out of Order?

Then is your whole system deranged—the blood is impure, the breath offensive, you have headache, feel languid, dispirited and nervous, no appetite, sleep is troubled and unrefreshing. To prevent a more serious condition, take at once Simmons Liver Regulator—it will soon restore the healthy action of the liver, bowels and kidneys.

On Track.

One car load of select Michigan apples.

Call at store for prices.

871tf MORRIS & SON.

To Regulate

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury or any injurious substance, but is purely vegetable.

It will Cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver, Kidneys and Stomach.

If your Liver is out of order, then your whole system is deranged. The blood is impure, the breath offensive; you have headache, feel languid, dispirited and nervous. To prevent a more serious condition, take at once Simmons

LIVER REGULATOR. If you lead a sedentary life, or suffer with Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and all the ailments incident to a deranged Liver, take Simmons Liver Regulator. Sure to relieve.

If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will feel relieved and sleep pleasantly.

If you are a miserable sufferer with Biliousness, seek relief at once in Simmons Liver Regulator. It does not require continual dosing, and costs but a trifle. It will cure you.

If you wake up in the morning with a bitter, bad taste in your mouth,

Simmons Liver Regulator. It corrects the Bilious Stomach, sweetens the Breath, and cleanses the Furred Tongue. Children often need some safe Cathartic and Tonic to avert approaching sickness. Simmons Liver Regulator will relieve Colic, Headache, Sick Stomach, Indigestion, Dysentery, and the Complaints incident to Childhood.

At any time you feel your system needs cleansing, toning, regulating without violent purging, or stimulating without intoxicating, take

Simmons Liver Regulator.

PREPARED BY

J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PRICE, \$1.00.

PRICE \$1. BOTTLE.

GRAEFENBERG PILLS

For Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Wild Cat Effectiveness.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

For Instant Use

As a reliable remedy, in cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, or sudden Colds, and for the prompt relief and cure of throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes: "I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy for home use. I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults." John H. Stoddard, Petersburg, Va., writes: "I have never found a medicine equal to

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

for the prompt relief of throat and lung diseases peculiar to children. I consider it an absolute cure for all such affections, and am never without it in the house." Mrs. L. E. Herman, 187 Mercer st., Jersey City, writes: "I have always found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral useful in my family." B. T. Johnson, Mt. Savage, Md., writes: "For the speedy cure of sudden Colds, and for the relief of children afflicted with Croup, I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is the most potent of all the remedies I have ever used." W. H. Stickler, Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of a severe lung affection, supposed to be Quick Consumption. We now regard the Pectoral as a household necessity." E. M. Breckenridge, Brainerd, Minn., writes: "I am subject to Bronchitis, and, wherever I go, am always sure to have a bottle of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

with me. It is without a rival for the cure of bronchial affections."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For sale by all Druggists.

JOHN GUTHRIE,

Architect and Builder.

Plans and specifications for all kinds of building furnished on short notice. Terms Reasonable. Address, Dixon Ill. inots. Residence in north Dixon, near residence of E. C. Sickels.

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Eastern Office:
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BONDS of Counties, Cities, Schools, Water Works, etc., bought and sold. Over \$10,000,000 of Municipal Securities sold. No loss sustained of principal or interest by any client. Send for descriptive lists.

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate in Ind. and Ill. at six per cent interest and upwards, with option of partial payments. Interest allowed on time deposits. Correspondence Solicited.

M. CAHILL,

The Tailor

And dealer in

WOOLENS.

One door west of the Lee Co. National Bank Main Street, Dixon, has now on hand and is receiving

As Fine A Line of Goods, Foreign and Home Manufacture

As Can be Found West of Chicago

Which will be made up

At Reasonable Prices

Cash, or Prompt Paying Customers

C. C. GODFREY

—Dealer in—

Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES.

Finest line of

Canned Goods

IN THE CITY.

Choice Brands Tobacco and Cigars

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

MAIN STREET, DIXON.

INSURANCE.

LEADING COMPANIES.

Fire and Accident

J. V. THOMAS

Opera Block, Dixon.

GOLD

Sold as scarce, but those who write to B. & B. Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from \$5 to \$25 per day. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of long little fortunes. All is new.

SPALDING'S ATHLETIC RULE Governing all Athletics Sports, together with the largest illustrated Catalogue of sports Goods ever offered, mailed for 25c, which is allowed to the purchaser of goods to the amount of \$1 and upward. A. C. SPALDING & BROS., Chicago, or 341 Broadway, N. Y.

REMORSEFUL HANKEY.

THE CONDUCTOR WHOSE NEGLIGENCE CAUSED A HORROR

Shedding Tears at the Thought of His Awful Responsibility—No Trace of the Careless Brakeman—The Death List Not Full Yet—Some More Possible Victims Reported.

PORTAGE, Wis., Oct. 30.—The inquest on the charred remains of the victims of the railroad disaster at East Rio was to have been held Friday morning, but had to be postponed until next Wednesday on account of the absence of several of the jurors, who wanted to be excused, pleading "political business." Most of the officials of the St. Paul railway were present, and did not hesitate to give utterance to their true state of feeling.

Wells, the brakeman who did the careless work, is a man of about fifty years, and for more than twenty years has been in the employ of a southern Dakota road. A few weeks ago he was given a job on the St. Paul road. But little is known of his antecedents. The conductor, Hankey, about whose previous conduct and record all the officials abound in praise, was thought to be on the verge of insanity Thursday night; he rallied, however, and was able to be about Friday morning at Portage. He came to the depot with pale face and firmly pressed mouth. There he attempted to speak to several men of his acquaintance, but they gave evasive answers and turned away from him. The pitiable man then wheeled around and left the platform weeping and crying bitterly. He stoutly asserted again his innocence, and said: "After side-tracking my train I walked ahead and saw that the two switches east, which the limited had to pass first, were set right. I knew Wells to be at the hind end of the train, and naturally supposed that he closed that switch. The limited wasn't in sight yet. I walked back (the distance of the siding is about 1,600 feet) and stopped to talk to my engineer. We stood about 100 feet from Wells. The night was clear and still, and I called out to Wells: 'How about the switch?' And plainly and distinctly came back the answer: 'All right.' I know that I was responsible, and should have convinced myself personally, but then I trusted to a tried and old railroad man."

This statement of the man would go a great ways were it not for the contradictory assertions of some of the trainmen of the "wild" freight and cattle buyer Perkins, from Chicago, who sat in the "wild" caboose. He says: "We hadn't been waiting very long on the spot when we saw the headlight of the limited loom up before us, and simultaneously we heard Wells cry, yea, almost shriek, 'My God, Hankey, I've forgot to close the switch,' and then the awful calamity took place." Wells had not been found up to Friday night. Friday morning a report reached Portage that he had been seen near Pardeeville, eleven miles north of Rio. Search was made, but it resulted in nothing.

A shanty at Rio incloses what is left of the unfortunate victims. The remains, after being dug out during eight hours of persistent toil, were wrapped in white linen and then placed in two canvas bags. The corner, who is an old man, had no difficulty whatever in carrying them away. A pile of ashes with the wire of a lady's bustle on top of it indicated the spot where the supposed Mrs. Marr breathed her last.

Several trains from Chicago and Milwaukee had to stop at Doylestown, five miles east of Rio, until the wreck had been cleared off, and their passengers, women and children included, walked up to the scene of the disaster and formed a continuous line of procession. The surrounding country also largely contributed to the number of awe-stricken spectators who watched the clearing until darkness set in. Friday morning some people came down from St. Paul. The track has been repaired, but the debris lines the sandy and high embankments for quite a distance. Not a piece of timber of the size of a match has been left: only the iron parts of the five cars—wires, nails, trucks, trusses, wheels and metal—remained to tell a tale with an overwhelming reality. Even the solid and deeply imbedded ties were burned in their resting places. This intense heat explains why no human bones could be found. George Jackson, the porter of the last sleeper, the Pewaukee, was hurried from the rear end of the car to the front drawing-room. As a memento of his rapid transit he picked up his left ear, which was torn off when he struck the edge of the drawing-room. The passengers of the front sleeper, Necedah, lost much of their baggage. Bishop Whipple, of Fairbault, Minn., and his family lost all their belongings.

Much speculation continues to be indulged in as to the number of persons killed. All notes and statements of different persons compared give it as eighteen. Some days, however, will pass ere an absolute certainty can be arrived at. This is the corrected list of dead and wounded as far as learned: Mother Alexia, superior of the convent of Winona; Sister Alphonsa; Sister Dimpsia; Mrs. Conrad Scherer, of Winona; Mrs. Rosina Johns, mother-in-law of Mrs. Scherer; Mrs. Eliza Lowry, daughter of Mrs. Johns; George McNewen, of Mauston, Wis.; J. Tourin (Lincoln), 2 Forty-ninth street, Chicago; Walter Scott; Louis Brinker, of Columbus, Wis.; Emil Woltersdorf, of Columbus; S. Dibble, commercial traveler, of Chicago; Wallace Stuart, of Columbus; Mrs. George A. Marr, of Houghton, Mich.

Two More Victims of the Disaster.

ROCKLYN, Oct. 30.—Among the passengers supposed to be on the west bound limited which was ditched at East Rio, Wis., were W. I. Seaman and daughter, of Eastport, L. I. Mr. Robinson, an engineer in the employ of Hetfield & Ducker, of Fulton street, said to a reporter: "Mr. Seaman is my sister's husband. He left here on Tuesday with his daughter to visit friends in Minnesota, and before leaving he promised to write us on his way. He timed his departure to take the ill-fated train, and in the absence of any particulars, I am afraid he and his daughter are among the dead or injured."

Another Possible Victim.

STILLATER, Minn., Oct. 30.—It is thought that Mr. Peter B. Latz, of this place, was one of the victims. She left Reading, Pa., Tuesday and would have ordinarily reached Chicago at 11 in time for that train. Mr. Latz telephoned to Milwaukee Friday. Not getting an information he left in the afternoon for the scene of the accident. Mrs. Latz did not travel by sleeper.

noon for the scene of the accident. Mrs. Latz did not travel by sleeper.

Made Him Swallow His Lie.

PARIS, Oct. 30.—Le Monde recently published a slanderous article attacking Dr. Herz, a wealthy American resident of Paris, charging him with being bankrupt and acting as a Prussian spy. Dr. Herz sent seconds to the writer of the article, demanding satisfaction. The writer now apologizes and Dr. Herz declares himself satisfied.

Striking for Ten Hours.

OAKLAND, Me., Oct. 30.—There is a strike at the Cascade woolen mills. The spinners and weavers ask to have the ten hour system and bi-weekly payments. The spinners want increased pay.

The Fat Stock Show.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—On Nov. 8 the Fat Stock show will open in the exposition building and continue until the 19th. Prospects are for a first-class exhibition, both of stock and dairy machinery and products. A number of stock and other conventions will take place during the show.

Still Scooping Cincinnati Crooks.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 30.—Charles Doll was arrested Friday afternoon charged with certifying to a false and fraudulent warrant for \$5,010 while a member of the defunct board of public works. He gave bond for \$5,000 and was released.

Russian Methods in Bulgaria.

SOFIA, Oct. 30.—The government has issued orders to local authorities to prevent circulation of seditious Russian pamphlets among the soldiers.

Bartholdi's Dakota Namesake.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 30.—A new post-office in Dakota has just been named Bartholdi by the postoffice department.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.

On the board of trade to-day quotations in grain and provisions were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 October, opened 73½¢ nominal, closed 73½¢ nominal; November, opened 73½¢, closed 73½¢; December, opened 73½¢, closed 73½¢. Corn—No. 2 October, opened 35½¢ nominal, closed 35½¢ nominal; November, opened 35½¢, closed 35½¢; December, opened 35½¢, closed 35½¢. Oats—No. 2 October, opened 25½¢ nominal, closed 25½¢ nominal; November, opened 25½¢, closed 25½¢; December, opened 25½¢, closed 25½¢. Pork—October, opened \$9.05 nominal, closed \$9.05 nominal; November, opened \$9.05, closed \$9.05; December, opened \$9.05, closed \$9.05. Lard—October, opened and closed \$5.80 nominal.

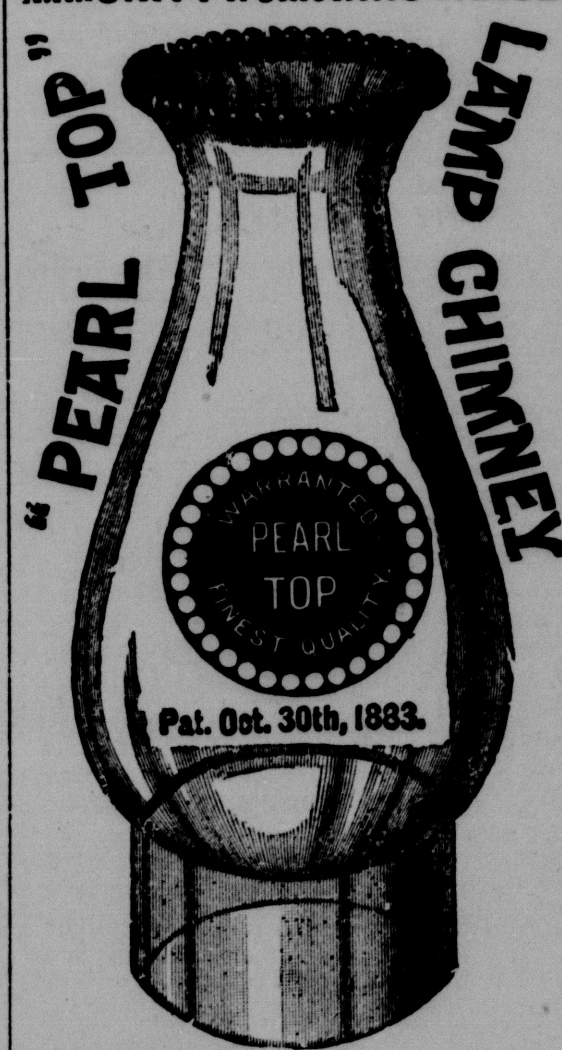
Live Stock—The following prices were received from the Union stock yards to-day: Hogs—Market, active and firm, with packers and shippers buying, and prices 5210; higher; light grades \$3.50-\$4.10; rough packing, \$3.50-\$3.70; heavy packing and shipping lots, \$3.75-\$4.10. Cattle—Slow; good grades steady at \$4.50-\$5.25; common, weak, \$3.40-\$4.25; stockers, 5c lower, \$2.20-\$3.30. Sheep—Steady; common, \$2.00-\$2.50; good, \$3.25-\$4.00.

Produce: Butter—Best creamery, 23½¢ per lb; good dairy, 16½¢; packing, 8½¢-10¢; Eggs—Strictly fresh, 16½¢-17¢ per doz. Poultry—Chickens, 7c per lb; ducks, 8c; turkeys, 7½¢; geese, \$7.00-\$7.50 per doz. Potatoes—Early Rose and Beauty of Hebron, 40¢-45¢ per bu. on track; Burbanks, 45¢-48¢.

New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29. Wheat—No. 1 red state, 88c; do No. 2, 84½¢; No. 2 do red winter, November, 84½¢; do December, 85½¢. Corn—No. 2 mixed cash, 45½¢; November, 45½¢; do December, 47½¢. Oats—No. 1 white state, 37c; do No. 2, do 36c. Rye—Dull. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Quiet; new mess, \$10.00-\$10.50. Lard—\$2.11 November; \$2.17 December.

IMMUNITY FROM ANNOYANCE



Made only of the finest and best quality of glass for withstanding heat. Every good thing is Counterfeited, and consumers are CAUTIONED against IMITATIONS of these Chimneys made of VERY POOR GLASS. See that the exact label is on each chimney as above. The Pearl Top is always clear and bright glass.

Manufactured ONLY BY
REC. A. MACBETH & CO.
Pittsburgh Lead Glass Works.
Sole and General Dealers



Sign and Carriage a specialty. Office over S. Rossen's Store.

GIVE US A CALL

F. F. DIXON,

Knight of the Shears,
And the finest artist that the world ever knew. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments a Specialty.

First St., Opposite City National Bank.

J. H. HALSTEAD,

PHOTOGRAPHER.

All kinds of work in his line will receive prompt attention and be neatly done.

Galena Street, Near the Bridge.

VAL W. HEFT,

CUSTOM

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

REPAIRING

Neatly and Promptly Executed.

If you are troubled with getting a neat job of repairing, call on me, and I will assure you that your troubles will end in that direction.

One Door East of C. C. Godfrey's.

J. A. HEFT.

P. A. HEFT

BARBER SHOP.

Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting a Specialty. Our Shearing and Hair Cutting guarantees itself. Gives us a call.

Next Door to Mead's Book Store.

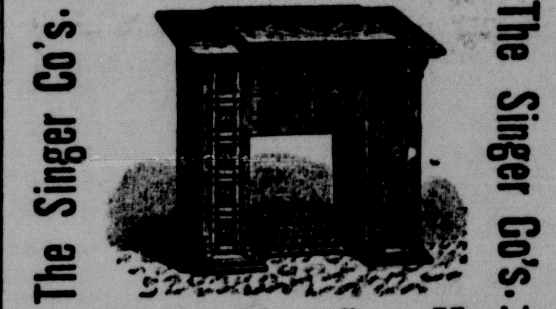
JOHN HESS,

REAL ESTATE

LOAN AND INSURANCE AGENT

FIRST STREET, - DIXON, ILL.

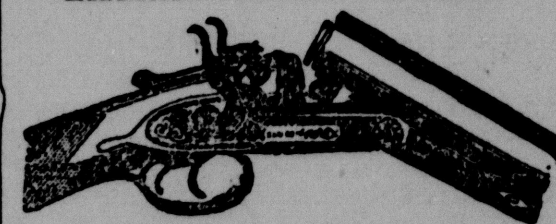
THIS CUT REPRESENTS



The handiest and most convenient cabinet case ever invented. Call and see it at J. MILLER'S.

J. A. SMITH

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of



Guns, Rifles, Revolvers Powder, Shot, and SPORTING SUPPLIES. RE-BORING SHOT GUNS A SPECIALTY. Galena St., Near the Bridge.

TILLSON & HAYDEN

Have the Finest Stock of

Lamp Goods, Wall Paper, Paints, Oils and Window Glass In the City.

J. E. MORRIS & SON,

—DEALER IN—

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES PROVISIONS &c.

The Highest Cash Prices paid for Farm Produce. West side Galena St., Dixon.

GEO. G. ROSBROOK,

LIGHT LIVERY, HEAVY TEAMING.

WOOD FOR SALE.

General Teaming Solicited.

THEODORE RUST,

Watchmaker and Jeweler

FINE WATCHES A SPECIALTY.

FIRST STREET, - DIXON, ILL.

ALEX TURNER,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

Repairing of all kinds will receive prompt attention. Galena St., south end of Bridge.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

JOHN GRANT,

—DEALER IN—

Fine Boots and Shoes!

New Work and Repairing a Specialty. Being a Practical Shoemaker, he is better prepared to select the best qualities of Ready Made Work.

FIRST STREET, NEAR PEORIA ST.

MEAT MARKET!

Corner First and Peoria Sts.

A. FRENZEL, PROP.

The Best Meats The Market Affords, always on hand. Telephone No. 62.

HARNESS SHOP,

A. J. GRAFF, PROP.

Remember, when in want of Harness, Robes, Whips, etc., that they can always be found at his shop, at lowest prices. Custom made Harness a specialty. Repairing neatly done.

SOUTH SIDE FIRST STREET, NEAR PEORIA.

E. WEIBZAHN,

—Dealer in—

STAPLE + AND + FANCY + GROCERIES

Crockery. Fresh Seed always on hand at my store. Give me a call.

FIRST STREET, Opposite Express Office.

FRED STEPHAN

Successor to

L. STEPHANS, Sen.,

Keeps the VERY BEST grades of WINES AND LIQUORS

At his Saloon and Restaurant, at the Old Stand, First Street.

If you want good, guaranteed

CLOTHING!

Either in Ready Made or Made to Order, call and examine my stock before buying elsewhere

W. J. CARPENTER

FIRST STREET, DIXON.

GEO. K. REYNOLDS'

OYSTER PARLORS.

First st., between Galena and Hennepin.

OYSTERS served in any style or by the can. Also a complete stock of cigars, tobacco, Candy, Nuts, Etc.

Chiverton & Bossemeyer,

LEADING

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Are prepared to do viewing. All parties desiring views of residences should have it done before the leaves fall.

GIVE US A CALL.

Prices Reasonable. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Chiverton & Bossemeyer, Dixon, Ill.

1861 ESTABLISHED 1861

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DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS.

The oldest dealer and only importer of Wines and Liquors in the city.

GALENA ST., near Bridge

IF YOU WANT

A FIRST-CLASS SHAVE, A NEAT HAIR CUT, OR A SHAMPOO, GO TO

BEVERLY REYNOLDS'

TONSorial PARLOR

Ladies and Childrens Hair Cutting a Specialty. Galena Street, first door north of First Street.

E. J. RYAN,

BAKERY, GROCERY, RESTAURANT,

—AND—

CONFECTIONARY

A fresh supply constantly on hand. My motto: "Equal Dealing to All." First St., Wm. Smith's Old Stand.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE!

Fine stock of

Horses, Carriages, Buggies;

Sleighs constantly on hand. A Good Hearse for funeral occasions. Telephone 13; Water st. MCKENNEY & HACKETT.

KLOSSOWSKI & FRANK,

DEALERS IN

MILLINERY,

FANCY GOODS, ETC.

Fall and Winter Goods Just Received; also Woolen and Worsted. Corner of First and Hennepin Streets.

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C. J. ROSBROOK.

GOLD COIN STOVES.

HARDWARE.

ALL KINDS MACHINERY.

TOOLS OF ALL KINDS.

W. H. DEGRASSE

CASH GROCERYMAN.

Galena St., Second door north of First.

A full line of Fresh Groceries always in stock at lowest prices. Goods delivered to all parts of the city. Call and see my stock and get prices.

THOMAS CHEATLE,

Dealer in all kinds of

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED MEATS

EGGS, BUTTER, LARD, &c., &c. Poultry and Game bought and sold in season. Telephone No. 54. First street.

Rubber BOOTS

—WITH—
DOUBLE THICK BALL.

Ordinary Rubber Boots always wear out first on the ball. The CANDEE Boots are double thick on the ball, and give

DOUBLE WEAR.

Most economical rubber boot in the market. Lasts longer than any other boot, and the

PRICE NO HIGHER.

Call and examine the goods.

A COMMON SENSE IDEA

DOUBLE THICK BALL.



FOR SALE BY

J. B. FARGO.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

It will pay you to call and see me before purchasing elsewhere.

Goods Guaranteed to Wear as Represented

JAMES F. HALEY.

North side First Street, Dixon, Ills.

A. I. FISHER,

The reliable

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER!

GALENA STREET.

Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly done. Give him a trial and be convinced.

J. H. PRATT

HAS A LARGE STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

Which he wishes to close out. Call and see him before purchasing elsewhere.

W. C. CAMPBELL,

Proprietor of

THE LEADING HORSE SHOEING SHOP

IN THE CITY.

FANCY SHOEING A SPECIALTY!

HACK LINE AND LIVERY!

GEO. G. ROSBROOK,

First Street.

All calls will receive prompt attention. Telephone number 26.

MICHAEL CAHILL,

Merchant Tailor

LARGEST STOCK to select from. Fits are Guaranteed.

FIRST STREET, DIXON, ILL.

D. KNAPP,

Manufacturer and dealer in

FINE TOBACCO AND CIGARS

FIRST STREET.

McCrone

—THE—

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER.

Makes the Finest Photos in the city. Eva Vincent, the popular actress, writes:

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Sept. 25th.

My panels were received yesterday, and I am more than pleased, to say the least. I wish to compliment you on the beautiful finish, pose and style, which is superior to any I have ever seen.

Sincerely, EVA VINCENT.

We make the Largest, Finest and only First-Class Photos in Dixon. CALL AND SEE.

E. M. McCUNE, Dixon.

COAL

The best quality of

Hard and Soft Coal

—AT—

Lowest Prices

Always on hand.

Telephone No. 19.

S. D. PORTER, Agt

Orders left with C. J. ROSBROOK or at SPENCER & BECKER's will receive.

PROMPT ATTENTION

ADVERTISERS

EVERY time Mark Twain has a new baby born in his home he celebrates the event by erecting a stone watering-trough for horses somewhere on the road leading to his summer home at Elmira, and troughs are now sattered all along the road, with more to come.

THE popularity of cremation in Germany as a means of disposing of the dead is steadily increasing, and crematories are shortly to be erected in Hamburg, Darmstadt, and Zurich. Previous to this time Gotha was the only town in Germany where cremation was possible.

MR. WILLIAM T. ADAMS (Oliver Optic) will make Minneapolis his permanent home after this winter. It is said that he will enter into business in that city with his son-in-law, Mr. Sol Smith Russell, the actor, who, with this winter's engagement, will close his professional career.

BUFFALO is going to have the largest clock in the world. The dial will be twenty-five feet in diameter, and the center of the dial will be 361 feet above the street. The dial will be illuminated by electricity, and it is calculated that the time can be seen at night from any point in the city, and with a field-glass the position of the hands can be distinguished at a distance of fifteen miles.

THE Japanese Court recently resolved to adopt European customs and etiquette. The Empress has therefore decreed that henceforth all the Japanese ladies that may be invited to the Court fetes or official receptions shall appear in European costume. The Japanese head-dress will also be henceforth abandoned, and the Court ladies are commanded to dress their hair, not in European but American fashion.

ANDREW CARNEGIE is building on the summit of the Alleghenies, near Cresson Springs, a house, or castle, which will cost \$1,000,000. The entire walls will be built up altogether of the undressed surface stone which is to be found on the place, and they are not to show in any place a single mark of the chisel or hammer. Mr. Carnegie's orders are positive on this point, he having expressed a wish to have as far as possible even the moss on the rocks used in the walls undisturbed.

A FEW weeks since a wonderful mountain of slate was discovered on Abram's Creek, in Blount County, Tenn., one and a half miles from the Little Tennessee River. This development of slate is said to be the most remarkable ever discovered in this country, and gentlemen who have carefully examined it stated to a Chattanooga Times reporter that the mountain contains slate enough to supply the entire demand in the United States for a generation or more. It is in fact a solid wall of slate, illimitable in extent and of very superior quality.

It is related of the late Col. Greene, of the Boston Post, that many years ago, when its compositors struck for an advance of 10 cents per 1,000, he thought it was too much, and, determined to maintain his opinion, he called upon all in the business and editorial departments who could set type, and with their aid undertook to get out the paper. They worked until supper time, and then, as the Colonel took off his apron, he stepped to the window and called to the strikers, who were standing outside: "Boys, you might as well come up and go to work; it's worth all you ask."

FOR some time a feeling of dissatisfaction has existed on the part of some of the cadets and others at the Maryland Military and Naval Academy at Oxford against the Associate Superintendent, Prof. J. M. C. Johnston. It culminated recently, when a number of masked cadets entered the Professor's room, and while some of them held him prostrate on the floor, others with shears removed from his face a luxuriant growth of red whiskers. It is rumored that the Professor left for parts unknown. Col. Burgess, the principal, being absent, it is not known what results will follow.

A STORY is related of an incident which occurred during the holiday in Bavaria of Mr. Gladstone and his friends. On one of their excursions, and while climbing a mountain road, the carriage in which they were was suddenly stopped on the edge of a precipice and further passage barred by the appearance of a bull, heading a herd of cows. The horses attached to the carriage became greatly excited and began to plunge violently. Mr. Gladstone, comprehending the situation

in a moment, stepped lightly from the carriage and threw a shawl deftly over the bull's head. The animal then allowed himself to be led to the side of the road, and the carriage passed up the mountain.

THE eager curiosity manifested by all sorts of people, as to the personality of the mistress of the White House is no modern innovation, as some critics of Mrs. Cleveland seem to think. In the delightful memoirs and letters of Dolly Madison, just published, the story is told of two plain old ladies from the far West who visited Washington, and called at the White House to see Mrs. Madison while the family were at breakfast. Good-natured Dolly Madison walked straight into the parlor in her morning dress and apron, and welcomed the visitors. "P'raps you wouldn't mind if I just kissed you, to tell my little girls about," said one of the old ladies as they turned to depart, and then and there Dolly gracefully embraced the pilgrims from the West.

GRADUATES of one of the colleges of New York are circulating a petition among the alumni for submission to the trustees, asking that the practice of conferring honorary degrees be discontinued. Their arguments are that scholastic titles should represent work actually performed in the institution granting the degree, that the selection of a few alumni for gratuitous honors will breed dissatisfaction and disloyalty among the rest, that the cross-roads colleges are giving honorary degrees right and left as a reward for all sorts of services, that the older and better universities are becoming more and more conservative in granting academic honors without examination, and finally that the board of regents of that State is qualified to confer all the honorary degrees necessary.

THE Misses Bruce, two maiden ladies who lately died in England, left by will 600,000 reals to the Secretary of State for India in trust for the foundation and endowment of an institution at Calcutta for the education and maintenance of female half caste children, and in particular orphans or those who have been deserted by their parents, such children to be admitted only between the ages of 5 and 10 years, and to be maintained until they can be provided for in some respectable and useful station in life. The money is not to be wasted in great buildings, but there is to be a governing body of twelve members, by whom the girls will be selected and placed in suitable boarding-schools, regard being had to the religious denomination of them. Thus all religious bodies are fairly dealt with. No girl will be educated or maintained after the age of 17 years.

A NEW departure in the matter of counterfeiting money was brought to light at the United States sub-Treasury in Baltimore a few days ago. A somewhat worn \$10 Government bill was presented at the cashier's window with a request for change, which was given. The note was sent to Washington as mutilated currency, and was returned with information that one side of the note was good, but the other was a well-executed counterfeit of the original. It was found that a genuine \$10 bill had been split, the face being separated from the back, a seemingly impossible undertaking. The original face, with a counterfeit back, had been used, and it is quite likely that the genuine back, with a well-executed face, had been passed in some other quarter. Later the same game was tried to be worked at the sub-Treasury, and the party, finding himself discovered, hurriedly left before he could be captured.

JOHN L. HILL, of Philadelphia, has returned from Europe, where he combined business with pleasure by examining all the big clocks in Europe, with a view to acquiring knowledge which might be useful in view of the fact that Philadelphia intends to have the largest clock in the world in the tower of her new City Hall. The dial will be 36 feet in diameter. Great Ben, as the clock in the tower of the House of Parliament at London is named, has a dial of 22 feet 10 inches diameter. The works weigh 14,000 pounds, and it is guarded as carefully as if it were a gold mine. A record is kept of its workings, and it has varied but one-tenth of a second in the last two or three years. A person has to climb 1,400 steps to reach the clock. It takes two men four and a half hours each day to wind it up, and every morning its record is taken and transmitted to Mr. Dent, the maker. The lighting in the tower is done by hand. It could all be done by machinery, but the object of doing it by hand is to give employment.

POETRY should be alternative; modern playwrights have converted it into a sedative, which they administer in such unreasonable quantities, that, like an overdose of opium, it makes one sick.

FUN THAT FARMERS HAVE.

Their Daily Enjoyments Described Simply and Without Exaggeration. (Aitchison Globe.)

It is a frequent saying that in winter a farmer has nothing to do but enjoy himself; that when the blizzards send in their cards, he can draw his chair up to the stove, put his feet in the oven, and spend the day reading the *Globe*, and *Church Herald*, and other moral works. According to tradition, this occupation is only disturbed when he adjourns to the table, and banquets on mince pie and divers meats. This is all a mistake. A close observer will see the industrious farmer crawl out of bed four hours before daylight, soften his boots with a hammer, and commence his day's work with a lantern in one hand and a bucket of frozen slop in the other. He has from one to 1,000 hogs, which shove their noses in his face, and tip the contents of his bucket on him, where it freezes until he looks like a skating-rink. When he has escaped from the hog-pen, he hunts up six or seven buckets, and crawls through a wire-fence to milk twenty-seven cows. These animals wait until he has the bucket nearly filled, when they tip it over, aiming so that the contents will kalsomine such parts of his clothing as the hogs spare. Now and then, they vary the monotony by kicking him instead of the bucket, which makes him feel tired and home-sick. When the cows have been milked, he goes to feed the horses, and finds the sorrel mare doubled up in the manger with the colic. He then has to mix up a lot of aconite and water, which he attempts to pour down the animal's mouth, when it hits him on the teeth with its front foot, and makes him wish he had never been born. He works around all morning with the old mare, and then proceeds to curry the dun mules, which try to see which can kick the hardest, and by the time he is through he feels as though he had passed through a corn-sheller. When he has fed the hens, and watered the cattle, and hunted three hours for a twenty-cent pig, and chopped half a cord of elm for the house, and carried forty buckets of water to the horses, and shelled three bushels of corn by hand, and shovelled a road through ten feet of snow, and milked the cows, and curried the mules, and doctored the old mare again in the evening, he goes to bed to get up again in the morning four hours before daylight, and commences the whole thing over again.

Law as to Repair of Roads.

It is the duty of each town to grant and vote such sums of money as are necessary for repairing the public ways within its borders. If it fails to do so, the highway surveyors in their respective districts may employ persons as directed in the statutes to repair the roads, and the persons so employed may collect pay for their labor of the town. In order to make such repairs, city and town authorities may select and lay out land within their respective limits as gravel and clay pits, from which may be taken material necessary for the construction and repairs of streets and ways. They may turn the surface drainage of the roads upon the land of the adjoining owners without liability. No highway surveyor has a right, without the written consent of the selectmen, to cause a water-course occasioned by the wash of the road to be so conveyed by the roadside as to incommode a house, a store, shop, or other building, or to obstruct a person in the prosecution of his business. Properly authorized city or town officers may trim or lop off trees and bushes standing in the public ways, or cut down and remove such trees. It is so important that the public ways be kept free for travel that any person may take down and remove gates, rails, bars, or fences upon or across highways, unless the same have been there placed for the purpose of preventing the spreading of a disease dangerous to the public health, or have been erected or continued by the license of the selectmen or county commissioners. A highway surveyor acting within the scope of his authority may take up and remove the soil within the limits of the public ways for the purpose of repairing the same. He may carry it from one part of the town to another. He has a right to deposit the soil thus removed on his own land if that is the best way of cleaning the road of useless material. Let no one, however, who is not a highway surveyor, or in his employ, imagine that he can repair a road not on his own land with impunity. He thereby becomes a trespasser and liable to damages, although he does only what a highway surveyor might properly do. The traveled parts of all roads should be wide enough to allow of the ordinary shyness and frights of horses with safety, for shying is one of the natural habits of some animals, although it has been decided in the courts that switching his tail over the reins is not a natural habit of the horse, and if a horse throws his tail over the reins, and thereby a defect in the road is run against, no damage can be recovered. The above law is taken from B. W. Potter's essay on "The Road and the Roadside."—*American Cultivator*.

An Honored Title.

The word "woman" carries with it a broad meaning. It constitutes a title that a man uses in speaking of his mother or his wife. He can think of none better. There is none better. Yet there are those who seem to regard the title as not good enough for them. They want to be known as ladies. Why, it is difficult to tell.

Members of the gentler sex are respected for what they are. As a whole they are deferred to, and individually

they are almost certain of courteous treatment from men. The assumption of the title "lady" can in no sense strengthen the claim they have and which is generally acknowledged. In fact, it often seems undignified and inappropriate. A "lady" advertising for a situation as "saleslady" would act more in accordance with good taste to be an energetic young woman looking for a clerkship.—*Omaha Herald*.

The First English Novelist.

The fame of Thackeray is steadily growing and the publication for the first time of a really cheap edition of his works will be likely to extend his fame largely in England. Appropos of this fact, a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says:

Thackeray, in the fullest, noblest sense of the word, was a humorist; and, therefore, his pathos is as true as his wit is bright. His humor is so fine that he never descends to low comedy or violates nature for the sake of comic or any other effect. He is wholly too great for popularity, especially for that immediate reverberation of reputation which is won by some writers whose claim to lasting fame is questionable. Thackeray's fame will be the slow, quiet result of recognition beginning with the cultured and strengthened by criticism. *Das Gleiche kann nur vom Gleichen erkannt werden.* Such a title should only be awarded after careful consideration, but Thackeray may, I think, be ranked as the first of English novelists. All his powers found full expression within the form of art which he wisely selected and sedulously followed. If George Eliot have some higher thought qualities, those qualities—especially in her later works—lie outside the range of the novel. Thackeray was a true social regenerator, and his keen satire, if sometimes bitter, is the result of honest indignation against all that is unworthy and is base. He teaches a nobler morality than that found in the actual existing social world. He paints greatness and meanness, and he shows, too, how, in the growth of a character acted upon by external circumstances, worldliness may be elevated to nobleness, and nobleness may, under temptation, sink to conduct beneath its own ideal. His characters are as real as if they were actually living and speaking among us. We see these figures, we watch the play of their features, and hear the tones of their voices. He paints from the inside outward, and to our ken his men and women are such crystal clocks that we see the inner works through the transparent faces. The fullness of his sympathy with humanity, the profundity of his knowledge of many-sided life, is extraordinary. If he stand by the porter's lodge of Shepherd's Inn, he looks at the outside of the houses and sees all the life that is within. If he take you with the Colonel and with Clive to Sir Brian Newcome's respectable mansion in the early morning, when the shutters are just opening to let in another respectable day, he notes all the characteristic furniture, pictures, plate-trays, journals; he knows all about the domestics and the household. His style comprises exquisite playfulness, beauty, banter, incisive description, pregnant narrative, and manly eloquence. His were the clear intellect, the shaping spirit of imagination, the great human heart, the tenderness which was as deep as the sarcasm was keen.

The Empress of Japan.

The Empress Haru is a slight little woman, not five feet in height. She has the pale-yellow skin, the finely-cut features, and long, oval face, of the high-caste Japanese. Although a friend to all progressive movements, the patron and instigator of many reforms and advancement, and a woman of surprisingly modern views, the Empress still blackens her teeth in the old style, and thin arches of eyebrows have been traced above those that she dutifully shaved at marriage. Beyond a jeweled ornament fastened above her brow, her costume and coiffure did not differ at all from that of the ladies surrounding her, and at a distance, her parasol was the only distinguishing mark. Nearer, there was a majesty of demeanor, a dignity of presence, an impressive, intangible something, that divinity of a ruler, and had she stood in the garden alone, she would have been as impressive in manner, and as much a sovereign, as when surrounded by her suite, with court and strangers bowing low. The Empress wore the red slippers and skirt, and a kimono of bluish-purple silk, brocaded with large moon figures in pale colors. The pointed neck was filled with folds of white silk, and she balanced, in her hand, an umbrella of the purplish silk, embroidered all over with wisteria. She passed straight on to the long marquee tent, and, giving her parasol to her attendant, entered, and sat alone, in a throne-like chair, before a long oval table. Her sixteen attendants stood in a picturesque and brilliant line behind her, and the diplomats, the other ladies, and nobles were seated at little tables near her. The palace attendants served the company to the elaborate collation of everything boned, jellied, and iced and truffled, the beautiful set pieces were broken up, and champagne frothed in thin crystal glasses, graven with the imperial crest of the sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum. Every one was served quietly and decorously, the band played, there was a subdued hum of soft, low voices in conversation, and, one by one, the Empress summoned the wives of the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers to her for a few gracious words.

The evil that men do lives after them. Cows likewise do not give oleomargarine until they are dead.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

The Best Way to Avoid Doing It Is to Remain at Home.

The Presbyterian Church authorities in Pennsylvania have been considering the subject of "napping in meeting," a habit which is prevalent during the summer season wherever the church-going customs are kept up. One of them—it was a minister, of course—declared that sleeping in church manifests "disrespect to God's house, and shows indifference to the worship of the Almighty." This good man would have more charity if he were to occupy a pew, instead of the pulpit. The latter post affords no opportunity for napping, however much it may sometimes conduce to the habit in those who feel the poppy-like influence of its soothing sing-song, or the lulling drone of its long-drawn prayers.

Nodding in church is not an act of volition, and, therefore, is in a large measure destitute of the qualities of a moral offense. This is no willful disrespect or conscious indifference. A man can no more will himself to keep awake and attentive, when a real drowsy fit takes possession of him in the calm seclusion of a pew corner, than he can will himself to sleep when thoroughly and obstinately awake. The eye grows dim, the eye-ball droops, the articulate sounds of the minister become a mere unintelligible murmur, and the man's head droops lower and lower, until brought up with a sudden jerk, followed by an amusing endeavor to create the impression that he hasn't been asleep at all. He clears his throat with a vigorous "h-m-m," fixes his eye intently upon the minister, and moves his head slowly, as if by way of assent to what was being said, and nodding were a very wide-awake habit of his. How vain the attempt! The glaze again creeps over the eye, the eyelids gently close, and an unmistakable nod follows—unless the sleeper had the courage and faith to rest his head and surrender himself to the spell. Of all the tantalizing and irresistible influences upon men of mortal frame, the approaches of the sleep god in church of a drowsy summer Sunday are the worst.

In regard to a remedy the authorities differ. The minister before quoted thought that church members should "seek grace to resist the habit." But a good deacon maintained that grace wouldn't do it. He simply cannot keep awake at times, and says that the only remedy he knows of is "an active application of a shawlpin by less drowsy wives, who are too much interested in looking at other women's bonnets to fall into a drowsy state." Passing by the slur upon the more wide-awake sex, it is enough to say that this remedy needs to be applied with care. A lively jump and a cry of "ouch!" from the awakened sleeper, following the jab of the admonitory shawlpin, would not add to the comfort of the situation. The old-fashioned preventive, as we remember, was a strong clove, or a bunch of caraway—otherwise known as "go-to-meetin' seed," chewed vigorously upon the first approach of drowsiness, the sharp bite of the pungent spice neutralizing the soporific effect of the dead air and droning service. An unregenerate and active fly, if he will attend strictly to business, can keep a would-be worshiper open to the influence of the sanctuary, albeit it is doubtful if his attentions will conduce to a strictly religious frame of mind. After all, it is doubtful if it is worth while to resist the drowsiness. If the message spoke from the pulpit be to you, and be given with the life and animation that should accompany it, you will not sleep. If the deliverance be a random one, soporifically delivered, you are not to blame for permitting "blessed sleep, kind nature's sweet restorer," to "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care." There are very much worse uses of the day of rest than that which devotes an extra portion of it to sleep.

Sagacity of the Camel.

The camels with which are traveled the most remote parts of the desert were very different in their ways and habits from those which you get on a frequented route. They were never led. There was not the slightest sign of a track in this part of the desert, but the camels never failed to choose the right line. By the direction taken at first starting, they seemed to know the point (some encampment) for which they were to make. There is always a leading camel, generally the oldest, who marches foremost, and determines the path for the whole party. If it happens that not one of the camels has been accustomed to lead the others there is very great difficulty in making a start. If you force your beast forward for a moment, he will continue to wheel and draw back, at the same time looking at one of the other camels with an expression and gesture, as much as to say, "After you, sir." After some time, however, it became understood that one of the beasts reluctantly consented to take the lead, and he, accordingly, advances for the purpose. For a minute or two he goes on with much indecision, taking first one line, and then another, but soon, by the aid of some mysterious sense, he discovers the true direction, and follows it steadily from morning till night. When once the leadership is established, you cannot, by any persuasion, induce a junior camel to walk single step in advance of the chosen gide.

WITHIN the past few years fifty-five thousand trees have been planted in the streets of Berlin. This means of beautifying the city has engaged the special attention of the authorities, and the work is still being carried on wherever possible.

BY M. M. FORRESTER.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday,
The heavens were bright, and all the earth
Was fair;
Love's golden radiance fell upon our way—
Love's dreamy music filled the air;
A thousand wild flowers trembled round our
feet,
We saw the lilac boughs above us sway;
And heard the woodlark singing loud and sweet,
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday,
With lips apart and hair of russet brown,
You came, dear heart, across the flower-decked
way,
Sweeping the grasses with your trailing gown;
Upon your cheek there was a wild-rose glow,
And in your eyes there was a sunset ray;
You came with arms outstretched—you loved
me so,
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday,
A soft breeze stealing from the sunny south
Blew from your brow the tangled fringe away,
And wooed the kisses from your crimson
mouth;
The boughs caressed you as you came along,
The red sun kissed you with its parting ray,
The woodlark praised you in his happy song,
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday;
Ah, me! ah, me! but yesterday is dead—
The sun still shines across the flower-decked
way,
And still the woodlark warbles overhead;
But in the shadows of a great despair,
I weep, dear heart, upon the weary way,
For love's bright dream, that made the earth so
fair
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

HANK AND JACK,

—AND—

How They Struck It Rich.

CHAPTER I.
IN THE HILLS.

I had been a ranger of the Rockies for five years; a nomad, as it were, but without tending other cattle than the horses I purchased during that period, and to such cattle, in the guise of deer, elk, antelope, etc., as my commissary department yearned or called for. Primarily, I was there hunting for gold; secondarily, to look up an "odd stick" of a brother, four years my junior, who had disappeared from home seven years before I struck the Hills on this double lay-out.

Five years after he disappeared I received a missive from him, a month or two later than date, reading as follows:

"IN THE ROCKIES, Jan. 1, 187—
"DEAR HARRY—I am living. Hope you all are."

I received three more of these laconic epistles, one a year, and one, the fifth year, more voluminous, as follows:

"BROTHER HARRY—When the year comes that brings no letters from me, something has happened. Should you ever come to the Hills, and the Blackfoot country, keep a sharp look out and you may find the key of the writing below."

Here followed an irregular right section of a writing of which nothing could be made, the key being the left section, evidently, and written on another sheet. The words in these disjointed lines were entire, and read as follows:

"—towards North Pole, look for a direction opposite the one of blaze; ride north color, your eyes out by first mule."

This was the last of Ned's epistles; and whether he was dead, or had tired of such frequent and voluminous epistolary correspondence, I knew not.

The year following I went to the Rockies as the perambulating member of a syndicate of ten men of about my own age and means, the object being, as I have stated, gold. For three years I prospected in the rock-ribbed hills, finding gold here and there, more than sufficient to pay all expenses; and, could water have been brought to bear on the gravel, in one or two instances, should have found enough, perhaps. I was no tenderfoot in the Hills. I had been there before, and didn't go wild at the sight of "color." When seen, I looked for water. No water. I moved on.

During this period of three years, I inquired in every mining camp I came across, of every nomad of the Hills, every tramp, as I called them all, myself included, and with justification, for, though anchored in camps or detached cabins, it was only for the present, every mother's son being ready at a moment's notice, as it were, to break camp and tramp on the mere rumor of newly discovered diggings—inquired concerning Ned Wayne, my very peculiarly constituted brother. No one had ever heard the name, and, as I could give no description of him except as an eighteen-year-old beardless boy, the name was all that I could give, and he might have taken on another. Had he done this, and I unable to identify him after a lapse of twelve years, in the change from a smooth-faced boy of eighteen to a bronzed and probably bearded man of thirty, the chances of my ever getting on his trail were rather remote—about as much so as getting on the trail of the needle in the proverbial haystack. But the hunt for him was a side issue, and I stuck to my main object—the hunt for gold.

The fourth year was well along, with no result worth naming in the way of gold, and none at all in the way of hearing of Ned. One morning, in turning out of my blankets after a night's refreshing sleep on a mattress of pine needles in the timbered edge of a small park, "pretty as a picture," I was surprised to find another horse picketed not far from mine; as a consequence I was not surprised to find, on looking about, that the Hotel de Park contained another lodger, whose arrival must have been at a later hour than mine, and whose sleep was yet unbroken. Paying no heed to him, but letting him sleep on, I cooked coffee and antelope cutlets for two, and, when ready, called him to breakfast. He came, as a matter of course, and ate with me as he would have eaten of his own meat and cooking—as I with him had the conditions been reversed.

Not to dwell on that meeting and the outcome, let me say that Jack Ford—the name as he gave it—and I rode over and along the Hills that day by tacit agreement, said agreement holding for months. With queer ways, he was not an objectionable companion; had a better knowledge of the Hills than I, from ten years' experience therein, and could shoot better; although, as I could shoot meat enough for the larder, and as well, probably, as the average moun-

tain tramp, his superior skill went for nothing. Pretty well mated, we rode and camped, hunted and prospected, as one; a house undivided against itself we were, and if we ever disagreed, it was a quiet and not disagreeable disagreement. It is needless to say, perhaps, that he had never heard of Ned Wayne, I learning this from him the first time of our acquaintance, and telling the story of the wanderer.

Old Time had reeled off four months of the fifth year of my tramp in the domain of desolation, and still Jack Ford and I turned our horses' heads in one direction. We had harvested no inconsiderable number of ounces of the yellow "dust" of price, considering it was done by placer mining, with little or no water, but it had not fallen to us to "strike it rich" where water was plenty—not to a degree of richness that would warrant my sending greeting to the syndicate, of which Jack was now a member, having been admitted for the luck that odd numbers might bring the inspiring cabalistic "Eureka!" with the command supplementary, "Get ready the tools!" Still that richness might be found, with Jack making the syndicate number odd.

One day, when I and my pard were toiling up a high divide, we discovered a miniature lake nestled under a high overhanging cliff. It was a spring-fed little body, and we searched for the outlet, beginning the search without delay, Jack somewhat irreverently declaring that so pretty a little pan of water had no business there, unless the dust was lying round loose somewhere below it. We found the outlet shortly in a wild ravine, deep and wooded; but night was upon us before we found the outlet of the ravine, or the inlet.

We were there with the daylight, however, finding a fair stream of water, and knowing that more could be brought down from the lake above, if circumstances made it needful. Breakfasting on steaks from a "black tail," we turned to and panned some of the gravel from the stream. The result was so promising that we kept on panning for three hours or more, when we set to work to improvise a rocker, our success warranting the outlay of time and labor. We worked that rocker for all our time and energy were worth until nightfall, when my pard suddenly ejaculated:

"Hank!"

"Jack!" I responded.

"We've struck it rich!"

"I think so," said I, whereupon, without any more words, we left the ravine for the spot where our horses were tethered, there cooking a supper of "black tail" and coffee, smoking and chatting an hour thereafter on our promising prospects, and then turning into our blankets for the night, the following day's prospecting to determine whether I would set out for the nearest point of communication with the home-guard contingent of our syndicate or not.

A line of golden dreams, dreams whose golden glories an Aladdin's lamp, rubbed never so hard, could equal, were succeeded by a dream of sound and fury and earthquake. I awoke to find myself bolt upright in a sitting posture, and my companion in a like position. Awoke amid a mighty roar and violent shaking of the earth, thundering detonations and startling crashes blended—awoke to an earthquake literal from one of dreamland.

"Hank!"

"Jack!"

Nothing more, but a start, as if with one impulse, for the horses. We found them tugging at the tether and trembling violently. A few words and caresses soothed the animals somewhat; and, the tumultuous fury of the happening subsiding momentarily, the frightened equines soon became quiet. The plunging and crashing of falling pines, the bounding and bursting of bowlders, thrown from their beds of ages, still came to our ears, but as distinct and separate noises at intervals of seconds, and not as a medley of jumbled sounds and shocks, confusing the senses. Sixty seconds and the silence of desolation reigned in the Hills, with nothing to remind one of nature's late spasm save the very perceptible odor of newly upturned earth.

"Hank!"

"Well!"

"Do you know what I think?"

"No."

"That overhanging cliff up yonder has effected a change of base, and our lake has retired from business."

"Great Scott!"

"Let's turn in for the rest of our sleep. It's only two o'clock." He had lighted a match and consulted his silver bull's-eye. We went to our blankets and rolled ourselves up therein, and went to sleep as though nothing had happened. Life in the Hills, of lengthy duration, seems to bring one to a condition sure to entail quiet and absolute submission to the decrees of fate, without any kicking against the pricks. This may not be true-blue Christian resignation, but stands in about the same relation to it, perhaps, as oleomargarine to legitimate dairy butter of good repute. Certain it is that two Hill men went to sleep on the heels of a catastrophe fatal to their prospects, as believed by one and dreaded by the other, and slept the sleep of the mentally undisturbed.

Daylight confirmed Jack's belief and realized my fears. The overhanging cliff of the previous day had disappeared, the break-away extending far back. Further inspection showed that the little lake had surely "retired from business," as Jack had expressed it, and in and over the place where it had nestled lay thousands of tons of earth and bowlders, supplied by the falling cliff, with a tangled chevron-de-frise of fallen and broken giants, wrecks of mountain monarchs, rearing their crowns to the skies a few hours before. An all-day's inspection in every direction below the site of the overslashed lake, failed, if possible, a water vent, failed of result. Not a trickle of the wished-for element could we find. The lake springs had been completely choked up, or found an underground passage. Our mine was as valueless to us as a mine in the mountains of the moon. That fact stared us in the face with all the stoniness in the eyes of fate exorable. Even our pannings of the day before had been snatched from us, for the ravine that was, yesterday, was not, today, being completely filled up.

When we ate our supper that night, minus coffee because minus water, a stranger dropping in would never have surmised that we had lost an untold fortune in prospective, from our looks or talk, for we talked not of the catastrophe, but of good luck yet to come. What were Jack's thoughts I know not, and what were mine he knew not, and neither guessed, perhaps—I don't remember now that I did.

CHAPTER II.
THE LONE CABIN.

I awoke the next morning to find that I was again a lone tramp in the mountains. My pard had departed from me as unexpectedly as he had come to me. Inwardly

disgusted, probably with bad luck, and not wishing to interfere in my case, he had folded his blankets in the darkness of night, and silently stolen away on his pony. I was rather sorry to lose his company, but didn't allow myself to bewail his departure, taking it as something that was to be.

Three months later I was a long way north of our buried mine, camping in the Yellowstone Park, in the remotest corner of Wyoming. I was laying off for rest, recreation, and reflection. To tell the truth, I was disgusted with gold-hunting, and in this sportsman's paradise I was resolved to stay for an indefinite period, letting the syndicate slide. I could be happy here without a gold mine, and with very little gold, and I had enough to tide me along for a long time.

One day I was moved to look over some papers which I carried in a wallet in the breast pocket of my buckskin frock, and which I had not looked at for months. The first paper to hand was one I had never before seen, containing pencil writing which I had never read. The date of this paper was that on which my whilom pard so mysteriously disappeared, the contents as follows:

"HANK—If you ever wander north into the country of the Blackfoot gang, look for Reddy's Tomb in the Belt mountains."

"JACK."

Then followed, on the left of the sheet, a dismembered writing, reading thus: "Three days' easy riding arrows pointing in you should take. Follow to end west three hours; if you don't find are off their look, and you'd better light train bound for States."

"Strange," said I, and looked for a writing I had received years before, and which I knew would pair with this as a right with a left foot. I didn't need it, for I knew every word of that writing by heart; but I brought it forth to compare the handwriting. There was no particular similarity, but then one was in ink, the other in pencil. Placing the two in their respective positions, the reading was as follows:

"Three days' easy riding
towards North Pole look, for
arrows pointing in
a direction opposite the one
of blaze; ride north-
west three hours; if you don't find
color, your eyes
are off their look, and you'd better light
out by first mule
train bound for States."

Here was the key of the puzzle which my brother said I might find by keeping a sharp lookout. Where did Jack get it? Was "Reddy's Tomb" my brother's? Had he grown a red beard—he didn't have a "red head" as a boy—and been dubbed "Reddy" in the Hills. This was plausible enough, as men with black heads and red beards are not as scarce as white blackbirds. Why did Jack never mention "Reddy" to me? Was he ever a pard of "Reddy's"? If he could put this writing in my wallet unbeknown to me, could he not have got hold of the other and read it? Did he not get hold of it, and quit me in consequence, for a ride toward the North Pole, the start being from "Reddy's Tomb," probably? Most likely.

Such were the conundrums and answers I asked and gave, and before putting up those papers I had decided that Jack was anything but white. Would I go and hunt for "Reddy's Tomb"? Perhaps—later on. Would I go from there, if found, on a wild-goose hunt for gold? Not much. In the end I decided to let "Reddy's Tomb" and the "color" at the end of the blazed trail rest for all me. If Jack was there, there let him stay; I would stay in the Yellowstone paradise. And I stayed—until September, when I was across the border, in Montana, en route for "Reddy's Tomb." My curiosity had got the better of me. It was piqued beyond bearing, and I must solve the mystery, if possible.

It was close on to October when I reached the southern foothills of the Bear Mountains, spurs of the Rockies on the east. The hunt for "Reddy's Tomb" was successful as a hunt, for it was all hunt without results. I put in twenty days on this hunt, and then made up my mind that I was the victim of a huge sell, worked by that strange brother of mine and my whilom pard, Jack Ford, the two having been cabots at some period or other in the past. Later I decided that it was very unlikely. Later still I decided that the whole affair was too queer to be anything else but a sell. Still later I was in a state of doubt; and later yet I decided to put in three days more at the hunt, and, if nothing turned up, to take the back trail for the Yellowstone.

The weather had been fine, but on the second day of the last three I would put in on the hunt the air became biting in the afternoon, and I felt that snow would be flying in the very near future. As snow wasn't agreeable to think of, I turned my thoughts upon a cabin, deserted or otherwise, and wished for one to turn up before night. Not so few and far between in the Hills as angels' visits to the sons of man, yet it was rare that one turned up at the moment most desired; one did in this instance, however.

Dusk was on, and so was the snow, when I suddenly found myself on the edge of a park of some ten or twelve acres. I swept it with my eyes and saw, on the edge of my position, a middling-sized log hut—just about the thing I had wished for, with snow coming on. I pushed on for it at once, the nearer I got to it the dimmer it grew to sight, for the snow was now whirling furiously across the park, driven by the north wind, and the range was to take on its first autumnal coat of ermine, and a heavy one, I judged. I was half-way across the park, but the cabin, as far as sight of it was concerned, might as well have been on the Staked Plains of Texas.

But I could ride straight to it, I felt confident, the distance not being great, and I did, the nose of my horse nearly touching the door when he stopped. Dismounting,

I tried the door. It was fastened. I hammered on it with my fist. No response. There were two windows with closed shutters. The shutters were fastened. The wish for the cabin had not been in vain, and I didn't mean the finding of it should be. A small ax that I carried under the straps of my pack was soon at work on that door. The door opening outward, opened very shortly. A close, rank, musty smell greeted my nostrils—the smell peculiar to places tightly closed for any length of time.

"Whew! perhaps this is Reddy's Tomb," I said, and laughed as I stepped into the cabin to ascertain by the light of a match if man and beast could be quartered there for the storm. But my beast, to whom a night in a cabin was no new thing, waited not for the inspection, but followed at my heels at once.

The fitful flashing of a match in that place of Cimmerian darkness showed that it was bare of everything except—I could not tell what, for a gust from the open door extinguished the light. I closed the door and lighted another match, another with that, and, holding the two so as to get the most good out of them—saw that which I failed to make out before—the form of a man flat on his back on a large pine log, hewn flat on top, and lying in the center of the cabin—what I verily believed to be, in the uncertain and flickering match-light, the body of a dead man!

I soon had my horse denuded of saddle and traps, and a candle from my pack lighted. By candle-light I could see distinctly enough. My conclusions in regard to what I had seen by match-light were correct. That huge pine log was a bier, on which lay a dead man. Dead for a ducat or ducal crown. The deadest man I ever saw, for I had never seen one more than three days dead, and this one had been dead for months, if not years. A mummified specimen of the genus it was. A skin-covered skeleton merely, the skin dried to the bones of the face and hands, which were without caring, wrinkled and brown as leather. It looked more like leather than anything else, and felt like leather, hard and dry, for I touched the outsole, cured as completely as the buckskin that enshrouded it. The man had wasted away with disease of some sort, and died up after death, there being nothing for decomposition to feed upon. The desiccated specimen had brown hair, and a long red beard, bright as in life, probably; if not, it must have been a flame by day and a bright glow by night, for it was the most fiery hair I ever saw.

"Reddy!" I involuntarily ejaculated.

That I was in "Reddy's Tomb"—the tomb a log cabin, with "Reddy" before me on his log bier—there was no doubt. Strange mausoleum, strange sepulchre. A momentary look now at the dried cadaver, and I proceeded to examine its features. None could have guessed at what age the living man had ceased to be, or discerned in the features of the cadaver the slightest likeness of the features of any human being that ever lived—the beard might have been recognized by any one who had ever seen it in life, for it was one remarkable for its fiery hue, luxuriance, and length.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fashions for the Fair Sex.

For rainy weather, while it is not too cold, light silks, woolsens, and mohairs, made entirely water-tight, are seen, and they are the neatest things in their way yet seen. They are in stylish cloak shapes, looking almost as well as some of the long wraps, and they come in all the fashionable colors—navy-blue, acacia, olive, chardonnay, dull red, brown, black, etc., and also in figured goods—fine stripes or checks. Mantles, visites, and peleries are principally in plush, plain, plaid, or brocade. Circular cloaks have been revived, and are now seen in all the best colors, neutral shades being usually chosen. They are lined with bright-colored silks, sometimes figured. Mantles and redingotes for late fall and winter wear will be trimmed with fur—black fox and fox fur of the natural color, together with mink and feather trimmings. All sorts of wraps are covered with bead and jet passementerie. For general wear, out-of-doors, the new jackets, short, double-breasted, and fitting very snugly to the form, will be popular for some time to come. The sleeves are made in close coat shape, and the pockets are made inside the garment, with a mere slit for the insertion of the hand. They are made from the rough boucle cloths which are now so popular, and the colors are brown in all the darker shades and navy-blue. A very handsome wrap was recently noticed, of which the material was a rich olive sicilienne, covered with a beautifully embroidered pattern in silk braid, gold, and steel beads. The center of the back and tabs were of plush, covered with passementerie, and the borderings were of lynx. The lining was of satin, quilted, and of a brilliant amber hue.

Among recent models in overdresses are seen French polonaises. The bodice in these costumes fastens across the chest from left to right. These polonaises are applied also to tailor-made costumes.

Tailor-made dresses which can only be properly made by a few of our largest houses, cost usually, in plain materials, about \$125. But these costumes may be worn for such a number of occasions, and always give the wearer such a stylish and dressy appearance, that the outlay, even by a lady of moderate means, is not an extravagant one.

At a recent wedding in town the bridesmaids wore dresses of rose-tinted surah. The entire front of the skirt was veiled with deep flounces of lace, caught up with rose-colored satin ribbon. The short tunic and bodice were of china crape, of the same color, patterned in small diamonds by means of satin stripes woven in the fabric. The front of the bodice was covered with a loose jabot of lace. Pretty white satin slippers, long white Suede gloves, and rose-colored stockings were worn.

Hats for the fall are seen in new sailor shapes. They have soft crowns of velvet, with designs in jet or beads, covering them, and with large loops of ribbon in front, sometimes further ornamented with feathers. Felt turbans closely plaited and in bright scarlet shades are very jaunty and stylish-looking.

For street wear tailor-made costumes are seen with removable hoods, fastened with silk cord. I imagine they are intended more for ornament than use.

Brooches and hairpins are seen set with moonstones. These pretty stones are also seen set in pins for presentation from bride to groom on wedding occasions, the groom's gift usually being a brooch of diamonds, or some other diamond ornament.

Pretty boots for evening wear are made of velvet, in ruby, dark green, blue, brown, and black, with paste buckles. They are worn over silk hose corresponding in color. Slippers embroidered with garnet beads are also very popular.

A GERMAN physiologist, who has been making experiments on "a large butcher's dog," declares that beer retards digestion more than wine containing the same quantity of alcohol.

AN English physician, Dr. David Young, who has practiced medicine in Italy fifteen years, declares that Rome is one of the healthiest European cities for the foreign visitor who takes suitable precautions.

SPEAKING of the greatest of American botanists, the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, London, says: "English botanists claim Asa Gray as one of themselves, despite the accident of his birth on the other side of the Atlantic, and he is held in as great esteem here as in the land of his birth."

It seems strange to read that a "convivial gathering" was held at the town of Wimmerth, in Switzerland, to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of James Watt, the great engineer, while the day passed without any particular notice of the event, in Greenock, Scotland, where he was born.

THE English newspapers announce that the government of India has granted "a native village in perpetuity," to Kishen Singh, a native explorer, in recognition of the services he has rendered to geographical science, by his surveys of the Thibet region of Central Asia, in the course of which he traveled 5,000 miles, mostly through wholly new country.

ONE of the great difficulties which French and English wheat-growers are to overcome is lack of sufficient stiffness in the straw of wheat. The varieties with stiff straw usually yield an inferior grain, while the best grows on stalks which are beaten down to the earth by an ordinary storm. The problem is now receiving much attention from scientific agriculturists in France.

THERE has recently been such a pest of mosquitoes in the City of Mexico and its neighborhood that a local medical society has investigated the practicability of averting such insect invasions in the future. That society was informed that children had been killed by mosquito bites, a statement which may well be doubted. This visitation is ascribed to the presence of so many lakes and undrained marshes in the valley in which the Mexican capital is situated.

MAJOR GENERAL E. F. BURTON, who has seen over forty years' service in India, gives a curious description of a hornet whose nest is sometimes taken for a sunflower. "The species—a large, bright yellow insect, with a ferocious sting—constructs its nest, which is large, and of the size and shape of a good, big sunflower, on some strong projected twig of an evergreen bush, and when the nest is completed the whole community dispose themselves in a regular circle on it, with all their heads to the center; thus they look like the spokes of a yellow wheel, or like a sunflower."

THE pipes by which petroleum is transported from the oil regions to the seaboard, are cleansed by means of a stem two and a half feet long, having at its front end a diaphragm made of wings, which can fold on each other, and thus enable it to pass an obstruction it cannot remove. This machine carries a set of steel scrapers somewhat like those used in cleaning boilers. It is put into the pipes and propelled by the pressure transmitted from the pumps from one station to another. Relays of men follow the scraper by the noise it makes in its progress, one party taking up the pursuit as the other is exhausted. They must not let it get out of their hearing, for if it stops unnoted its location can only be established by cutting the pipe.

Good Manners.

The moment a man tries conclusions with the laws of gravitation he comes to grief. If he gets a trifle out of the perpendicular down he comes with a bump. And with good breeding likewise. Certainly good breeding is not the superficial politeness of society, but a general walk in life which simply avoids giving unnecessary pain, which sinks self and which is uniformly kind to all people. In this respect a factory girl may be, and often is, as well bred as a princess. The luxury that money can buy often seems very unequally divided, but the art of being frank and yet dignified, of patient self-control, of thought for others and kindness to all is as free as air, and as much the possession of poverty as of wealth.

People bother altogether too much about etiquette, and, in their anxiety to do the right thing at the right time and in the right way, bring a great deal of discomfort to themselves as well as to others. No one knows this better than the correspondence editors of the daily newspapers, from the list of silly inquiries that are eternally propounded to them. If the worthy souls who are distressed by such problems would only act on the spur of the moment, according to the dictates of their own instincts, they would generally acquit themselves more creditably than they do.

There are, of course, a few rules to be observed. It is not elegant to wear mourning under the finger nails, to clean them in public, nor to scoop peas into the mouth with a knife. Neither is it pretty to convey meat to the mouth with the fingers, nor berries impaled on the point of a toothpick. But beyond these and a few other trifles of the same sort etiquette is merely natural kindness put into thoughtful action. And in comparison with this the endless forms and shallow mannerisms that sometimes pass muster in good society are not worth a button.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.		
CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN R. R.		
TRAINS GOING EAST.		
Sterling Passenger	7:02	A. M.
Pacific Express	10:52	"
Marshalltown Passenger	2:05	P.
Leaves	3:30	"
Denver Passenger	3:40	A. M.
Freight	5:15	P. M.
Freight	7:47	A. M.
Freight	1:40	P. M.
GOING WEST.		
Sterling Passenger	7:42	P. M.
Pacific Express	3:42	"
Marshalltown Passenger	12:45	"
Denver Passenger	3:15	A. M.
Freight (except Monday)	5:15	"
Freight	12:25	P. M.
Freight	3:00	"
Freight	5:45	"
Freights carrying passengers.		
Pacific Express runs every third Sunday.		
H. E. HAND, Agent.		

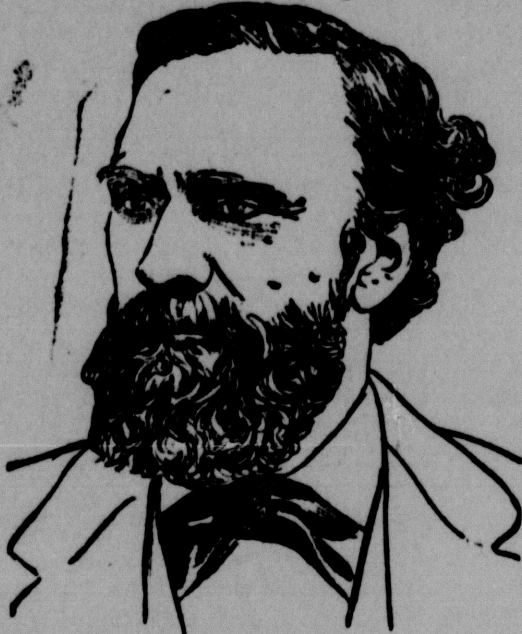
ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.		
GOING SOUTH.		
Passenger	11:04	A. M.
Passenger	3:30	"
New Passenger	5:57	P. M.
GOING NORTH.		
Passenger	2:15	P. M.
Passenger	12:37	A. M.
New Passenger	5:16	A. M.
W. C. WOOLEY, Agent.		
*Daily except Sunday.		
Daily except Monday.		

INDIAN CIVILIZATION.

COMMISSIONER ATKINS REPORTS ENCOURAGING PROGRESS.

And Advises That the Movement Be Kept Moving—Gossip About the President—Gen. Sheridan Puts a Military Culprit in a Peculiar Position—Manning on Full Duty.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 30.—The annual report of Gen. Atkins, commissioner of Indian affairs, was submitted to the secretary of the interior Friday. At the outset the commissioner refers to and notes unmistakable evidences of progress made by



JOHN D. C. ATKINS.

many Indian tribes during the past twelve months. The excellent temper, subordination and general tranquillity, which, with two or three exceptions, has everywhere prevailed among the red men, is of itself a most auspicious omen of progress.

The active inquiry among many of the tribes for further knowledge of the arts of agriculture; the growing desire to take lands in severalty; the urgent demand for agricultural implements with modern improvements; the largely increased acreage which the Indians have put to tillage, exceeding that of any preceding year; the unprecedented increase in the number of Indian children who have been enrolled in the schools—these and many other facts fully establish the claim that during the past year the Indian race has taken a firmer step and a grander stride in the great march toward civilization than ever before in the same length of time. Another year's experience and practical trial of this "humanitarian and peace system" only adds, the commissioner says, cumulative testimony to the superiority of its methods of Indian civilization over any other ever yet tried. And all this progress has been made without corresponding increase in expenditures.

The commissioner devotes considerable space to the study of the condition of the five civilized tribes, and the influence of their example upon the semi-civilized and savage tribes. He strongly recommends a division of all the lands in those nations, in severalty, equally among the population, so that members of these tribes who now stand mutely by and see members of their own race occupy and cultivate their lands and pocket the proceeds may be put in actual possession of that which belongs to them. This reform he advises our red brothers in those territories to bring about themselves by passing just laws for the division of lands in severalty, allotting to each member of the tribe his own birthright. He also urges them to change their present form of government, replacing it with a regularly organized territorial form of government, to be admitted at some future time as a state in the Union. There is, he says, a rapidly growing sentiment in favor of such a change, and the sooner it becomes universal the better for all concerned.

Commissioner Atkins presents a number of facts and suggestions in the way of argument against throwing open Oklahoma—surrounded as it is by Indians on three sides—to white settlement. He urges the passage of the general allotment bill which passed the senate at the last session and was favorably reported to the house. As to Indian education he urges a continuance of government support to all the different kinds of schools now in operation. The commissioner repeats his recommendation of last year for an appropriation to enable him to take a census of the Indians, believing a new census would show a decrease in the number of Indians below the number claimed throughout the country, or at least at several of the agencies, and ultimately result in a great saving in redundant rations now issued at these agencies.

Has Nothing to Do with the Case

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 30.—A report that the president does not intend to go home to Buffalo to vote at the November election, has given rise to considerable comment, his absence being interpreted as a desire not to support Mr. Rogers, the nominee for congress, on the ground that he is not in accord with the administration because of his failure to be appointed public printer. Col. Lamont, in conversation on the subject, said that the

president at no time had any intention of going to Buffalo this year to vote, and that Mr. Rogers' nomination had nothing to do with his decision. "In fact," he added "I don't believe the president yet knows that Mr. Rogers has been nominated."

An Extra Meeting at Ivy City.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 30.—The executive committee of the National Jockey club has decided to have an extra meeting at Ivy City, and on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday the many noted racers at the track will contend for the liberal purses offered. On Wednesday a special feature will be introduced in the shape of a match race between Volante, the Bard, Millie and Elkwood. The entrance money will be \$150 each, and the club to pay \$1,500; one mile and one-fourth.

The President's Unpartisan Policy.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 30.—At the executive mansion, it is stated that there is no authority for the announcement that the president will make no more appointments until after the elections for fear of appearing to interfere improperly in local politics. He will decline, however, to lend himself to schemes for affecting the elections, and will not accept a sufficient reason for an appointment at this time the fact that it may be of service to candidates for election.

Manning Goes on Full Duty.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 30.—Secretary Manning went on full duty at the treasury department Friday, thus relieving Assistant Secretary Fairchild of the responsibility borne by him for the last six months. The secretary signed his name with a stamp, the attorney general having decided that such a signature was legal.

Must Assess the Iron Dry.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 30.—Assistant Secretary Fairchild has decided that collectors of customs shall assess duty upon iron ore after it has been dried at temperature of 200 degrees instead of in the wet condition in which it is imported.

REASONS FOR REFUSAL.

Why the Knit Goods Men Refuse to Confer with Knights Bailey and McGuire.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., Oct. 30.—The Amsterdam Knit Goods Manufacturing association Thursday evening sent the following letter to Messrs. Bailey and McGuire, of the executive board, Knights of Labor:

Our association desires me to state that they will adhere to the decision conveyed to you in their resolution of Oct. 26:

"Resolved, That we, the members of the Knit Goods Manufacturers' association of Amsterdam, are not inclined to treat with any persons with regard to the management of our private business interests, excepting those who are identified with us as partners or employees. We desire to express to you our personal regard and esteem, and wish in no sense to be understood as refusing to personally meet you as individuals, but we can see no good to come from any official meeting as an official action. We have heretofore made a contract with your colleague, Mr. T. B. Barry, which has from time to time been broken, and in fact utterly disregarded by local Knights of Labor. We appealed in our extremity to your honorable national chairman, Mr. Powderly, who, though deprecating the condition of things existing in our city, and condemning the action of our local assemblies and fully sustaining our interpretation of said contract, yet under all these circumstances utterly failed from want of authority or power, to enforce the fulfillment of the same upon the Knights of Labor of this district. Wherefore then should we again agree to or contract with any but our employees, and thus subject ourselves and our industries to further annoyance and interference. Our past experience and the experience of others in similar instances force these conclusions upon us.

OUR GUESTS FROM FRANCE.

A Reception of Business Men—Another Dinner—Illumination Postponed.

New York, Oct. 30.—At 3 o'clock Friday afternoon the elegant rooms of the chamber of commerce, which were tastefully decorated with the combined colors of France and the United States, were thronged with the distinguished business men of New York. The rooms were to be the scene of a reception to M. de Lesseps, who with his party were momentarily expected. About 4 o'clock the French party arrived, composed of MM. de Lesseps, Bartholdi, Pellissier, Spuller, Coudert, Ney, and others. President Brown asked the members and guests to pass through the room from one door out through the other, and as they passed he introduced them to M. de Lesseps who had a friendly greeting for all.

A dinner in honor of the representatives of the French republic was given Friday evening by the Hon. L. P. Morton, ex-minister to France, at his Fifth avenue residence. The members of the delegation were present, and invited to meet them were Senator Evarts, Gen. Schofield, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Admiral Luce and Richard Butler.

Count de Lesseps has decided to remain in America another week at the urgent solicitation of many friends. Sunday and Monday next he will spend in Philadelphia, going thence to Washington, where, on Wednesday, he will be presented to the president.

Owing to the continued bad weather, the illumination of the statue of liberty was again postponed Friday evening. The display of fire-works arranged for and under the authority of the American committee having in charge the erection of the statue, and to be given by James Pain, was also postponed.

A Broker's Bible Knowledge.

Son—Who was Esau, father? Wall Street Broker—Well, let me see. Oh, Esau went "short" on his birthright, Jacob having "cornered" him, and "called in" all the "pottage." There wasn't much left on the "market," and—ask your mother, boy.—The Judge.

A Well Paid Comedian.

The best paid comedian in France is M. Baron, of the Varieties theatre, who receives a salary of \$1,200 a month and one-half the profits, without any responsibility for the losses.—Harper's Bazar.

Will Probably Write a Book About Us.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—Prince Napoleon saw the parade Thursday from his window at the Fifth Avenue hotel, and Friday, like all the rest of the days, he has remained closely in his room, seeing no callers

FOOD FRAUDS.

THE SHAMEFUL USE OF LIME AND ALUM IN BAKING POWDERS.

Many food frauds, such as chicory coffee or watered milk, although they are a swindle in a commercial sense, are often tolerated because they do not particularly affect the health of the consumer; but when an article like baking powder, that enters largely into the food of every family, and is relied upon for the healthful preparation of almost every meal, is so made as to carry highly injurious, if not ranky poisonous, elements into the bread to the imminent danger of the entire community, it is the duty of the press to denounce the practice in the most emphatic terms.

Among recent important discoveries by the food analysis is that by Prof. Mott, the U. S. Government Chemist, of large amounts of lime and alum in the cheap baking powders. These are, one the most dangerous, and the other the most useless, adulterants yet found in the low-grade, inferior baking powders. It is a startling fact that of over one hundred different brands of baking powder so far analyzed, comprising all those sold in this vicinity, not one of them, with the single exception of the Royal Baking Powder, was found free from both alum and lime. The chief service of lime is to add weight. It is true that lime, when subjected to heat, gives off a certain amount of carbonic acid gas, but a quick lime is left—a caustic so powerful that it is used by tanners to eat the hair from animals, in dissecting rooms to more quickly rot flesh from the bones of dead subjects. A small quantity of dry lime upon the tongue, or in the eye, produces painful effects; how much more serious must these effects be upon the delicate membranes of the stomach, intestines and kidneys, more particularly of infants and children, and especially when the lime is taken into the system day after day, and with almost every meal. This is said by physicians to be one of the chief causes of indigestion, dyspepsia, and those painful diseases of the kidneys now so prevalent. Instances of the most serious affections of the latter organs from drinking lime waters found in some sections of the west are noted in every medical journal.

Adulteration with lime is quite as much to be dreaded as with alum, which has heretofore received the most emphatic commendation from ever food analyst, physician and chemist, for the reason that, while alum is probably partially dissolved and passed off in gas by the heat of baking, it is impossible to destroy or change the nature of the lime in any degree, so that the entire amount in the baking powder passes, with all its injurious properties, into the stomach. When we state that the chemists have found twelve per cent., or one eighth of the entire weight of some samples of baking powder analyzed, to be lime, the wickedness of the adulteration will be fully apparent.

Pure baking powders are one of the chief aids to the cook in preparing perfect and wholesome food. While those are to be obtained of well-established reputation, like the Royal, of whose purity there has never been and cannot be a question, it is proper to avoid all others.

From Harmon

The farmers are now busy husking corn, it is down very bad. A fall of snow would cover it up. The yield will not be as large as expected but the quality is good.

The hay pressers are shipping hay in large quantities. Wild hay is the most that is moving off at present.

ISAAC MEANS,

STILL ON DECK.

At the Old Stand, where you will find

COAL

Salt, Lime.

DRY WOOD

Etc., which he sells as LOW AS THE LOWEST, and of

FIRST QUALITY

GIVE ME A CALL.

ISAAC MEANS.

The great
Santal Claus
at the
It is now
Grocery Stores
PUREST
CHICAGO
SOAP
or the KITCHEN.
N. K. FAIRBANK & Co.
CHICAGO
Ill.

NOW New Goods

Is the time to buy your

HARD COAL | COAL | HARD COAL

But before you buy, see the

"OLD LEE"

WILKSBARRE.

—Sold only by—

H. STREET.

TELEPHONE 61.

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Orders left at Todd's Store, Dixon, will receive prompt attention, at home prices, express free.

A. C. & E. F. Benjamin

Ask your retailer for the Original \$3 Shoe.

Beware of Imitations.

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Durability, Comfort and Ap-

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THIS shoe stands higher in the estimation of

Wearers than any other in the world. Thousands

who wear it will tell you the reason if you ask them.

STOVES

Stove R pairs, Stove Pipe and Elbows, Drums for heating Chambers; the best Smoke Stack in the market, and, in fact, everything in the stove line first-class and cheap, at my shop, near bridge.

—AT—
BRUBAKER & CARPENTER'S.

NEW CARPETS
NEW DRESSGOODS
NEW PRINTS
NEW GINGHAMS
NEW SILKS
NEW VELVETS
and PLUSHE

New Goods Every Day

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BRUBAKER & CARPENTER

LIVERY

—AND—
FEED STABLE

East Main Street.

The finest assortment of HORSES
AND CARRIAGES in the city.

Boarding A Specialty

Our feed stable is large and commodious,
and CHARGES REASONABLE.

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FLOUR AND FEED,

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PURE BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
GOOD BAILED HAY AND
FIRST CLASS OIL MEAL.

PRICES REASONABLE.

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